

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. IV. *New Series.*

DECEMBER 1855.

PART XXIV.

THE MIRACLE-PLAYS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

WHILE the great subject on which the old miracle-plays chiefly turned was the Passion and Death of our Blessed Lord, they in the next place delighted to rehearse the joys and sorrows of His Immaculate Mother the Blessed Virgin, to show the angel Gabriel saluting her with,

“ Hayll Marie graciouse,
Hayll Marie and God’s spouse,
Unto thee I lowte.*
Of all vyrgins thou art queen
That ever was or shall bee seen
Withouten doubt.
Hayll Marie and well thou bee,
My Lord of Heaven is wyth thee.”

Or else to introduce Satan himself proclaiming her praises in a powerful scene like the following, taken from an old French miracle-play :

“ SATHAN.

Dyables tout plains d’enragerie,
Esprits où est fercenerie—
Hau ! Lucifer, prince des dyables,
Appelle les esprits semblables
A ceulx qui font maux inombrables,
Afin de m’oster hors de moy.

LUCIFER.

Et qu’y a-t-il, Sathan ?

SATHAN.

Je voy
Ce que jamais diable ne vit.

* Bow.

BELIAL.

Sathan, Sathan, rappaise toy ;
Conte a Lucifer nostre roy
Que c'est que ton esprit ravit.

SATHAN.

Je croy quant je lui aurai dit
Que de despit il crevera—
Tout nostre Enfer destruit sera,
Nostre renom s'abolira,
Et bref nous serons detruits tous.

LUCIFER.

Sathan, qu'y a-t-il ? dis le nous !

SATHAN.

Une Vierge sur terre est née,
Si saige et si moriginée,
Et en vertus si tres parfaicte !—
Je ne crois point qu'elle soit faicte
De la matiere naturelle,
Comme les autres.

LUCIFER.

Et que est elle ?

SATHAN.

Elle est plus belle que Lucesse,
Plus que Sara dévote et saige,
C'est une Judith en couraige,
Une Hester en humilité,
Et Rachel en honesteté.
En langaige est aussi benigne
Que la Sybille Tiburtine.
Plus que Pallas a de prudence ;
De Minerve elle a la loquence,
C'est la nonpareille qui soit ;
Et suppose que Dieu pensoit
Rachepter tout l'humain lignaige
Quant il la fest."*

We have alluded to several confraternities founded for representing the miracle-play of the Passion. Similar ones also existed in honour of Mary. One of the most celebrated of these was the "Confrerie de Nostre Dame du Puy," established at Valenciennes in 1229. It had four presidents styled "Princes." One of its statutes was as follows: "Item, if any one or more brethren shall fall into poverty, and not have the means of living, either through misfortune, loss, old age, or infirmity, all the rest shall severally be held bound to give them an alms of six denarii a month, and on their saint's-

* Onés. le Roy, *Etudes*, &c., chap. v.

day the four princes shall each of them give a plentiful portion of food." It was the duty of the four princes to invite by public advertisement all the poets and orators of the city to compete for the prizes offered by the confraternity for the best compositions in honour of the ever-glorious and immaculate Queen of Heaven, to be recited or acted on her festivals. The Assumption was styled by way of distinction "*Le Jour du Grand Record*." On this day the image of the immaculate Mother of God was carried in solemn procession through the streets on the shoulders of twelve men clothed like the apostles, accompanied by choir-boys in the garb of angels, singing hymns and declaiming verses in honour of Mary. Then the image was placed on a stage erected for it in the great nave of the church. Above it a gorgeous canopy, painted to represent heaven, was spread out. In the roof musicians and choristers were concealed, who made the church resound with their songs and instruments, while the image, by means of machinery, was elevated aloft in face of the whole congregation. In this manner the great event of the day was brought home visibly as it were to the eyes of all. Then came forward the poets and orators and recited their pieces. After this the confraternity dined together and settled the award of the prizes. These were distributed by the four princes. The author of the best composition got a crown of fine silver, and the author of the second-best a chaplet also of silver. All the other poetical competitors received two measures of wine each for their refreshment and in token of good will. Neither were the rest of the persons forgotten who had taken part in the proceedings. The preacher, as we are naively informed, received a quarter of lamb; the twelve apostles a dish of fruit a-piece and half a measure of wine; the Carmelite and Dominican friars of the city, invited as guests for the occasion, were regaled by the confraternity with double convent fare; lastly meat and drink were freely distributed to all the poor who chose to come for it.* What more beautiful example could we desire of the intimate union of religion, poetry, general beneficence, and festive hilarity, than this confraternity of "*Nostre Dame du Puy*" at Valenciennes in the thirteenth century? How utterly at variance, too, is the fact of such confraternities with the hackneyed calumny, that the middle ages were plunged in literary ignorance! In further disproof of which may be mentioned the "*Chambers of Rhetoric*," also founded in the thirteenth century, and spread all over

* Onés. le Roy, *Etudes*, &c. chap. ii.

Belgium ; whose express object was to promote the improvement of sacred dramatic composition, especially in the Flemish tongue. They proposed prize-subjects for competition. The chamber whose play got crowned had then the right to propose a subject for the ensuing year. In the city of Ghent alone there existed in the sixteenth century no less than nineteen such Chambers of Rhetoric, since that number is recorded as having entered the lists with each other on the prize-question : " What is the dying man's greatest consolation ?" The pieces produced displeased, it seems, the Duke of Alba by certain political allusions, and their publication was forbidden in consequence. In 1505 the Archduke Philip, father of the Emperor Charles V., erected a supreme Chamber of Rhetoric at Malines. Its regulations were in substance as follows : " That the chamber consist of fifteen rhetoricians and an equal number of young men obliged to learn the art of poetry ; that when the chamber and its associates repair to a ' concursus' they can of right represent their miracle or morality-play ; finally, that in order to honour in this chamber in a particular manner our Lord and Mary, fifteen ladies be also admitted in memory of the fifteen joys of the Blessed Virgin." In consequence of this last clause it appears that more than fifty fair rhetoricians, all of Malines, gave in their names for admission ; and those who were chosen, says the old chronicler of the event, were all as wise as they were beautiful.*

At the era of what is called the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, when such a cloud of heathen ideas broke loose and filled the intellectual atmosphere of Europe, instinct with hatred of the Church for having kept them so long within salutary bounds, the miracle-plays began to lose their earnest religious tone, and to degenerate into morality-plays as they were termed, in which pagan gods and goddesses and allegorical impersonations of justice, mercy, love, temperance, &c., took the lead of characters drawn from the Bible and legends of the Saints. This entailed a stronger admixture than ever of comic humour to relieve the tedium of the mythological and allegorical personages, who, in their turn at last, gave way, leaving the comic element master of the scene ; and in this manner the morality-plays formed the bridge of transition to our present national and purely secular drama, which in Shakespeare's hands was speedily carried to the highest degree of excellence. If there were hopes that, notwithstanding the revival of learning, the miracle-plays of

* Onés. le Roy, *Etudes*, &c., chap. iv.

the ages of faith might still go on improving, so as eventually to acquire a form, and develop literary and poetical beauties worthy of their theme, and thus to furnish a romantic Christian drama in every respect as honourable to human genius as the romantic secular drama of the seventeenth century, or the heathen classical drama of ancient Greece, the Reformation presently came to destroy such hopes utterly. Fatal as its gloomy and illiberal system of religion was to Christian art in general, it was so in a special degree to the Christian drama, as being as yet only in its infancy. One great country alone formed an exception to this pernicious effect of the Reformation, and that was Catholic Spain. For Spain had but just secured her final triumph over the Mahometan Moors, after the tremendous conflict of centuries which she had waged with them for her national existence. An essential part of this was the Catholic religion, and it was not likely that after such a struggle for its sake she would be in a temper to surrender it as soon as won at the bidding of the German reformer—that Catholic religion which had consoled and animated her through so many perils, and at length carried her to the summit of glory and power. For on this summit Spain stood as proudly in the sixteenth century as England stands in the nineteenth. Hence she presented that state of things which offered insuperable difficulties to the Protestant movement. Neither did the revival of learning produce the same paganising effects among the Spaniards as among the French and Italians. The Spanish miracle-plays continued in consequence to flourish as usual amidst the applause of a mighty and intellectual people, at that time in the very van of civilisation and progress, until after passing from one stage of improvement to another, the result was that truly national and Catholic drama, unique of its kind, which in the works of Lopez de Vega and Calderon de la Barca attained a pitch of excellence unsurpassed by any other drama, ancient or modern. Speaking of this wonderful Spanish drama in its religious aspect, the Protestant Louis Schack, its learned German historian, says: “A temple is thrown open to us, on entering which we feel as it were the breath of eternity blowing upon us, while a holy flush of morning, like a reflection of the Divine glory, undulates through the awful precincts. In the middle rises the Cross as the centre-point of all life and history, on which the Infinite Spirit in infinite goodness was offered a sacrifice for mankind. At the foot of this sublime symbol stands the poet as priest and prophet, and interprets the images on the walls, and the dumb language of the tendrils and flowers which twine up the pillars as well as of the tones

which reverberate below from the vaulted roof."* A peculiar feature of the Catholic drama of Spain are its "Autos Sacramentales;" a sort of religious masque composed in honour of Corpus Christi, entirely allegorical in the personages, and designed to be performed with the utmost splendour of decoration. These are comparatively but very little known out of Spain, and when by chance alluded to by Protestant writers, in general are usually described as something supremely stupid and absurd. With how much reason let the following "Auto" of Calderon, entitled *El Veneno y la Triaca*, or Poison and Antidote, attest.

In this piece Human Nature, in the shape of a young and lovely Infanta, accompanied by her Mentor, the Understanding, and by Innocence as her playmate, enters the delightful pleasure-garden of her kingdom, where on every side flowers, waters, and warbling birds salute the mistress of the scene. Suddenly Lucifer, the fallen morning-star, disguised as a gardener, encounters Innocence carelessly wandering alone in a side-path, and artfully offers her his friendship. She, however, feels uneasy at his haughty aspect, and tries to avoid him. For this she is reproved by the Infanta, who tells her she has nothing to fear while under the protection of her mistress. On being questioned by the Infanta herself, Lucifer relates how he comes from a strange country, and is a prince of so glorious a descent, that the rays of the sun glow with the sparks which he emitted on his departure. How that in his fatherland the king himself held him in such consideration as to show him in confidence the portrait of his bride. That inflamed with love and envy at the sight of the picture, he had raised an army of sympathising vassals, and kindled a civil war, with the intention of carrying off the bride and usurping the throne. But that defeated by the king in a terrible battle, he and his rebellious host had been condemned to eternal banishment. The original of the portrait is the Infanta herself, to whom Lucifer, on concluding his story, makes an ardent declaration of love. But she repels him with indignation, and hastily retires from the spot. The breast of the demon now flames up with a volcano of wrath. He resolves in his fury to poison the flowers, the fountains, and the very breezes of the delightful garden. He summons Death to his aid, who issues from the trunk of a tree to receive the commands of his prince. He inquires of his grim retainer where he can best cast his spells so as to bring the refractory fair one in subjection to his will. Death advises him to wait till

* Geschichte der dramatischen Kunst und Literatur der Spanier, vol. iii. book iii. p. 253.

the Seasons pass by, who presently began to approach with their offerings to the Infanta. Winter brings a crystal goblet of water; Spring brings his flowers; Summer his corn-ears; and Autumn his fruits. But Lucifer dares not infuse his poison into the water on account of an unknown sacramental abyss which it conceals. Neither does he venture to infect the flowers, because one of them is the image of the spotless flower of virginity. The ears of corn equally hold him in awe, because of a great mystery which they veil. The fruits of Autumn remain, and these he resolves to poison, if only one of them shall prove to be worm-eaten. Still, he is too timorous himself to execute his fell purpose, and bids Death do it instead, who takes a serpent from his bosom, and lets it creep among the fruit. Meanwhile the Infanta is seen reflecting her beauty in a clear brook, and growing enamoured of herself, wishing at the same time that the entire world were but one such a mirror. The Seasons now approach her with songs and music, and present their offerings. Death accompanies them, giving himself out for the gardener of the Infanta's kingdom, and offering her the finest of apples, with the assurance that if she will only eat of it her wisdom will even transcend her beauty. In vain does Innocence warn her mistress, that the fruits contain a forbidden one. The Infanta thinks it very foolish to reject the advantage proffered to her, and tastes the apple. Again the Seasons begin to sing their festive songs, but she shudders with horror to see how all at once every thing around her is changed. The music sounds in her ears like a cry of lamentation in the sky, the flowers turn pale, the brooks run muddy, the trees are shrivelled and shrunk, even the beasts that used to caress and sport around her now flee from her, or fiercely scowl at her. Innocence, too, she recognises no longer, for she is transformed into slyness. As to the Seasons, who seek to console her, she is horrified at them. Winter benumbs them with his ice; the flowers of Spring are full of thorns; Summer parches them up; the fruits of Autumn are rotten; and when she looks at herself again in the brook, instead of her former beauty she beholds a corpse. Frantic with despair she rushes to a rock to cast herself headlong into the sea. But Understanding, from whom she flees as if possessed by madness, hastens to her rescue. Hereupon the Seasons conspire to obey her no longer, for being lost to understanding, say they, she can never more inherit the kingdom, and be their queen. But Understanding pacifies them, and commands Fame to proclaim through all the world, that whoever shall cure the Infanta of her dreadful malady will obtain her as a bride. Presently, while Winter

is at the height of his desolating career, a wonderful sound is heard from afar, and a ship with a pilgrim standing in it is seen approaching the shore. Leaving his companions on board, he steps out alone, and complains of the rough reception given him by Winter in that strange wilderness. Still he accepts with great humility the lodgings offered to him in a miserable hut, where he lies on a bed of straw. But when he announces, that, moved by the general lamentation, he is come to cure the Infanta, who is related to him on his mother's side, Winter forthwith spreads the news abroad, and joyfully surrenders his sway to Spring, while invisible voices sing, "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will." Meanwhile the Infanta and Lucifer wander abroad together in the sunshine. He pours into her ears fair deceitful words, telling her that if her subjects banish her, he will bestow on her a kingdom far more beautiful than her own, in the centre of the earth. But the Infanta is wearied and sad at heart, so that not even the light prattle of Innocence, in the shape of a gay lady dressed in motley finery, can cheer up her spirits. In her sick and melancholy state she is only the more pleasing to Lucifer. Understanding now comes and announces the arrival of the strange pilgrim. Lucifer laughs his presumption to scorn: "for," cries he, "my poison is an infinite one, and the antidote must also be infinite, which is beyond the reach of any human power." "But," replies Understanding, "the Pilgrim has two natures, a human and a divine one." "Who says so?" exclaims Lucifer, in a transport of rage. "My word, which is the flash and thunder of light," answers the Pilgrim, suddenly stepping forwards, and discharging a pistol at Lucifer, who falls to the ground overwhelmed by terror. The astonished Infanta marvels at the beautiful and gracious aspect of the stranger, who bids her in the gentlest manner confide to him, without reserve, the origin and particulars of her disorders. After she has complied, he prescribes for the fire which consumes her the water of baptism; for the lying words which have seduced her the words of truth; for the tree of death the tree of life; for the poisoned food of the apple another food of a sanctifying sort. Then the Infanta washes her face in a clear spring, and appears as if newly born. Next she perceives, as her punishment and expiation, a tree in the hollow of which a skeleton stands exposed. She recoils with horror at the sight. But Death is subdued, and the tree shooting out branches and leaves terminates at the top in the form of a cross, above which a pure unspotted host glitters as a crown. "That is my body," exclaims the Pilgrim; "and my words are the words of life." Perfectly re-

covered, the Infanta is delivered to him as his bride. He at once conducts her on board his ship, inviting all to accompany him who choose to do so freely, without compulsion. For his vessel is no common galley, but the ship of the Church. It now sails away in the laughing sunshine; the Infanta sits at the prow, beneath the lamp of eternal light; Innocence, again restored to her former aspect, leans against the mast; Understanding grasps the helm; Lucifer sends after them furious but unavailing curses; while all the rest sing aloud, Farewell! Farewell! Such is an outline of one of those Spanish "Autos Sacramentales," at the conclusion of which, as eyewitnesses assure us, all the spectators present fell on their knees and joined in the chorus, wishing the blessed ship a prosperous voyage to its heavenly port.*

England alone can boast of a national drama worthy to stand a comparison with that of Catholic Spain; I mean, of course, considered in its purely secular character, as owing to the Reformation it has no religious character at all. It is well known, however, that the Reformation was no favourite with the English people when first introduced among them. They rose in insurrection against it more than once, and only accepted it at last because they were bullied and cajoled into doing so by the sovereign and parliament, who, as the natural leaders of the nation, betrayed it in this emergency from the most criminal and sordid motives. In this manner, though Protestantism was triumphant, it yet assumed such a form to begin with as tended to cherish a great deal of old Catholic feeling in the country for a long time afterwards; indeed, till the Puritans rose up and reformed the Reformation; at which period the English were first drilled into that inveterate anti-Catholic bigotry which has stuck to them ever since. An illustration of what I have stated is the fact, that the ancient miracle-plays, much "reformed," it is true, maintained their ground in the country, as already asserted, as late as the first years of the seventeenth century. This they did at Chester, for example, in spite of every opposition. Another illustration is to be found in that decided Catholic tone of sentiment we so often meet with in the works of our Shakespearean dramatists, especially in the works of Shakespeare himself. To talk of Shakespeare, indeed, being as a writer wholly an emanation of Protestantism is simply absurd. Had he been so, he would have adopted the tone of such writers who in his time, as at the present day, systematically reviled every thing Catholic in the most unmeasured terms. The notorious apos-

* Jos. von Eichendorf zur Geschichte des Dramas, p. 57.

tate, John Bale, is a case in point, who by Edward VI. was made Protestant Bishop of Ossory for his talent and zeal in writing plays filled with scurrilities against the Catholic Church. No better example, indeed, of a true poet of the Reformation in contrast to Shakespeare could be pointed out than Bishop Bale.* Nothing was so characteristic of these men as their foul abuse of monks and friars. Shakespeare, on the contrary, always represents them in an amiable and reverential light, as beings inspired by Christian charity and holiness alone. How deeply his mind was imbued with Catholic thought in opposition to Protestant thought, the awful scene of Cardinal Beaufort's death would alone suffice to prove, in which King Henry VI. adverts to the last end of man in a way so entirely consonant to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, that a Catholic priest in his place could have not used words more appropriate. Does any Catholic feel offended at the way in which the doctrine of purgatory is brought forward in *Hamlet*? or rather, does he not feel that a mind of congenial sentiments to his own is describing it in the speech of the ghost? Or is it any compliment to Protestantism that *Hamlet* himself, the dark and melancholy sceptic, whose power of will is entirely broken from his possessing no fixed principles of faith and duty, should be described by the poet as having received his education at Wittenberg? We shall not easily forget seeing Edward Devrient play Shakespeare's *Richard II.* a few years ago in the theatre at Munich. For it was the complete Catholic conception of that unhappy monarch's character, as drawn by the poet and interpreted by the great German actor, which seized our attention. In this pathetic drama we see *Richard*, in proportion as he sinks under misfortune, developing an interior purification as the result, until, despoiled of his earthly crown, and fallen to the lowest degree of exterior misery, he stands before us in the more than kingly dignity and glory of the penitent and martyr. How different is the catastrophe of *Lear*! The reason is obvious. He is a heathen, without faith in any retributive justice hereafter, who looks for redress of his wrongs to this world alone, instead of regarding it as a mere state of probation for the next; and thus his madness is the moral. Again, the idea of heathen fate would at first sight seem to have inspired the composition of *Macbeth*, inasmuch as the hero in that wonderful tragedy is hurried on

* Warton, in his *History of English Poetry* (vol. ii. p. 240), adverting to Bale, says he cannot for shame transcribe "the most low and licentious obscenities" with which his religious dramas are filled. In one of these precious productions, entitled "*Christ's Temptation*," the author takes the occasion of our Saviour's hunger in the wilderness to make Him argue against the efficacy of fasting!

by the prophetic voice of the witches from crime to crime, till he is finally successful. But it is otherwise ordered above. Macbeth's temporal glory only proves his curse, which is again transformed into a blessing for the wronged and oppressed. This is not only a Christian but essentially a Catholic view of "the ways of God to man," for which, therefore, we are by no means indebted to the Reformation. Many other examples might be adduced of this propensity of Shakespeare's to moralise on man and his destiny in the light of Catholic doctrine. On the other hand, not a single passage, we believe, can be pointed out in all his works where the doctrine of justification by faith alone or of free will, as propounded by Luther, imparts the least colour to his meditations. And yet these very doctrines formed the basis on which the Reformation rested.

The miracle-plays of the middle ages, after succumbing, with the exception of Spain, in the great literary arena of Europe, before the heathen spirit of the Reformation, only continued to survive subsequently to that event in remote country districts, such as the mountainous regions of Tyrol and Bavaria. Here, under the fostering care of the clergy, especially the Jesuits, they retained as strong a hold as ever on the affections of a devout and simple-minded peasantry till the latter half of the eighteenth century. Then it was that they were suffered to degenerate into the greatest abuses, so as to give far more scandal than edification; for their great patrons, the Jesuits, were suppressed, and could no longer watch over them; while, owing to the spirit of laxity and infidelity which even infected the hierarchy itself at this period, they ceased to attract as formerly the sympathy of the Church. The consequence was, that both the civil and spiritual authorities united to abolish them altogether. To crown all, the French Revolution burst forth in completion of the work of the Reformation. Atheism being proclaimed as the basis of all government, and adopted as such by the princes and statesmen of Europe, they at once set about extirpating in a systematic manner the last vestiges of Christianity among their subjects. This they sought to do by wholesale confiscations of Church property, by the suppression of convents, and the interdiction of all public practices of piety, such as processions, stations, and pilgrimages. Nowhere was this Vandalic crusade of "philosophic enlightenment," as it was called, carried on with such ruffianly violence as in Bavaria at the commencement of the present century. Singularly enough, a solitary miracle-play in this country managed to weather the storm. It was one accustomed to be acted at the mountain village of

Oberammergau every ten years in consequence of a vow. In 1810, the time again came round for its wonted performance. The villagers of Oberammergau had but faint hopes that the usual permission would be granted by the government. Still they resolved to apply for it, and sent a deputation to Munich, headed by their mayor. As was foreseen, the Council of State for Church Affairs refused to listen to the request of the deputation. In vain George Lanz the mayor, as well as his companions, exhausted all their powers of eloquence in urging their case. They were laughed to scorn, and ordered to quit the town without delay. They did not lose courage, but sought the advice and assistance of a priest named Sambuga, the only member of the council who showed symptoms of a favourable disposition in their behalf. Sambuga resolved to do what he could, and drew up a petition for the deputation to the king himself. He then went to his majesty to prepare him to receive it favourably. In this he succeeded. Maximilian Joseph generously made use of his royal prerogative, and granted permission for the performance of the miracle-play of our Lord's Passion and Death at Oberammergau as usual. Nothing could exceed the joy of the whole village at this unexpected result. Still, before actually proceeding to represent their time-honoured play, it was deemed advisable under the circumstances to have it somewhat revised. A Benedictine monk, named Ottmar Weiss, still occupying his cell with the permission of government in the suppressed convent of Ettal, near Oberammergau, and Rochus Dedler, schoolmaster and organist of the latter place, were entrusted with and undertook the task of revision. Weiss busied himself with the text, and Dedler recomposed the music. It was not till the year 1811 that their joint labours were completed, and that the miracle-play was produced on the stage in its improved form. The text was modernised, prose being substituted for the ancient rhyme, all extraneous features of a poetical or comical kind, savouring of the mediæval spirit, were retrenched, and the action reduced strictly within the limits of the Gospel narrative; finally, the part of the devil, with every thing appertaining to it, was entirely expunged. In the year 1815 a few more trifling alterations were made. Thus remodelled, the Oberammergau miracle-play suffered no further interference, but has continued to be performed ever since, with a constantly increasing sympathy on the part of the public. In 1850, the last occasion, twelve performances were given during the summer months before audiences amounting to 80,000 persons in all, many of whom resorted to witness the spectacle from France and Switzerland.

ST. OSWALD'S;
OR,
LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GARDEN AT ST. OSWALD'S.

Two months after the conversation related in the last chapter, if a traveller could have peeped over the walls of the garden of St. Oswald's monastery, he would have seen sundry individuals pacing up and down its broad walks, while they laughed and talked to their heart's content. These were the novices of the house, who happened on the day in question to be shut out by some accidental cause from their usual place of recreation, and were admitted for the time into the garden appropriated to the Fathers. The spectator would also have observed that the conversation of two of the number furnished considerable amusement to the rest.

"I say, George, old fellow! how do you feel?" said the younger of the two to his companion.

"'George' no longer, please to remember," replied the elder with a smile; "but 'Brother Clement' at last."

"Well, Brother Clement, then, how *do* you feel, eh?" asked the younger.

"How do I feel?" echoed Brother Clement; "that's rather a difficult question. *You* seem pretty comfortable, at any rate."

"Comfortable!" cried his companion; "I believe you. Jolly!—absolutely jolly! I never felt so happy and light-hearted in the whole course of my life. I feel as if every thing was as light as a feather; and if it wasn't for this long habit, I could turn over head and heels with the greatest possible satisfaction. But I want to know how *you* feel. From your looks, I should say you experienced a sensation of a rather seedy description."

Brother Clement laughed rather languidly, and rejoined:

"To tell you the truth, I don't know how I feel; I can best describe it by saying that I feel all no-how, if you know what that means. In fact, I'm excessively tired and stupid; and every one of my bones aches as if I had been beaten with sticks."

"What shall we do to stir you up a little? It'll never do to knock up in this way just at the beginning. Come, what shall we say or do to enliven you?"

"What I should *like* would be to go to sleep!" said Brother Clement. "Really I must sit down here for a few minutes, or I shall never hold up for Compline. Here's a pleasant seat enough, and the shade of the limes keeps the sun off delightfully. It's a charming shady walk this for a hot afternoon."

Thus saying, the young novice threw himself upon a wooden bench, and being dead tired, was literally asleep almost before his companions had time to seat themselves by his side.

George Longford, now called Brother Clement, had, in fact, that very morning been "clothed" as a novice at St. Oswald's, with his brother Edward, who had taken the name of Cyril in religion. Many conferences had taken place between the latter and Father Ambrose before the step had finally been decided on, though the young man's urgency to be admitted increased rather than diminished, the more strongly the obstacles to his wishes were pointed out. Both as a very old friend of his family, and as having the pastoral care of the congregation attached to St. Oswald's, the Father took an unusual interest in the two young Longfords; and repeated were the conversations he had with their mother before affairs could be satisfactorily arranged. He had received no help from Sir Reginald in assuring her that she would be finally put in possession of the bulk of her sons' property; for almost immediately after the interview already described, the Somerset family had migrated to Brighton for a stay of several weeks. The difficulties at length gave way, and the brothers had just taken the first step towards ascertaining the mode in which it was the Divine Will that they should spend their lives.

Completely worn out with what he had gone through, the elder of the two now slept the profound sleep of youth and weariness. The younger sat by his side for a few minutes, expecting him soon to wake up perfectly refreshed, and when he gave no signs of moving, called him two or three times by name, and nudged him rather unmercifully in hopes of rousing him to activity. When all failed, and he elicited nothing more than a few indistinct and unconnected words, Brother Cyril jumped from his seat and walked off with the rest of the novices, wondering all the while how it was that his brother should be so upset with what he himself had found so easy and inspiring.

The seat where he left his brother asleep formed a resting-place about mid-way along a broad path, completely sheltered by the branches of a long row of noble lime-trees, which constituted the chief feature in the garden of St. Oswald's. Every body admired them, but no one so much as the lay-brother Gregory, who had the charge of the garden. Brother Gregory was one of those simple souls who lead an inward life almost impossible except within the walls of a monastic house, uniting a singular degree of spiritual discernment to an entire ignorance of the world and its ways. A child, if tolerably clever, might have imposed upon him; and if one of the Fathers had told him, with a moderately serious face, that the island of Great Britain was suddenly united to the European continent by the drying up of the intervening channel, Brother Gregory would have devoutly accepted the information as incontrovertibly true. The only subject in which he displayed any secular sharpness was the monastery garden; and those who laughed most immoderately at Brother Gregory's simple ignorance in common affairs, admitted that he was a first-rate judge of potatoes, and had decidedly an eye for the good points in a pig. They granted, moreover, that he had a soul above pigs and potatoes; for his violets bloomed upon the altar of St. Oswald's before they were found in the parterres of Burleigh Manor; and the scientific personage who ruled the hot-houses at the said manor admitted that Brother Gregory's roses were *nearly* equal to his own.

Just as the ardent young novice turned out of one end of the lime-walk, Brother Gregory entered at the other, conversing with one of the religious, who has been already mentioned as Father Basil, the subject of Mrs. Longford's unwelcome inquiries of Father Ambrose. He was offering the Father a large bunch of blooming cluster-roses, and was pointing out their unusual size and beauty.

"And this kind of rose, Father," said he, "has no thorns. Many of the climbing sorts have none."

"Then I should not like them as well as those that have," said Father Basil. "They lose half their significance; and climbing roses, too, more than any others. The higher we want to climb in the spiritual life, the more necessary become the thorns. We should grow giddy and fall, if we had nothing but the sweet perfume."

"Ah, Father!" replied the lay-brother, "*your* cross is indeed a heavy one. With you it is all thorns indeed."

Father Basil made no reply, but closed his eyes for a few moments, and knit his lips together, as if nerving himself to

endure some secret anguish. Then he walked forwards towards the seat where the young novice was sleeping, while the gardener turned in another direction, and seized a spade and began digging with all his might. When the Father reached the slumbering Clement, he stood still and watched him with an appearance of the most intense interest. The young man's head reclined on the back of the seat, and exposed his fine, manly-looking face to full view, and his breathing gave tokens of the depth of his slumber. The short rest he had already enjoyed had carried off the appearance of lassitude which his countenance had just before worn, and a bright colour was lighting up his cheeks. The Father stood and gazed at him intently for several minutes, then murmured to himself:

"It seems but yesterday, and all the rest is like a dream! I was still younger and still more hopeful when I first put on that same habit; and I well remember that I fell asleep before the day was over, worn out and wearied. What am I now? An outcast among my brothers! Oh! why—why is it, O my God? Do I say why? Have I not deserved it? If not for this very cause, yet for others. But, oh! this solitude of heart! It is hard, hard to bear!"

And he pressed his hand upon his side, as if to check and hold in the throbbings of severe physical pain. Then taking a small crucifix from his bosom, he contemplated it with sorrowing looks, alternately fixing his eyes upon it and upon the sleeping youth before him.

"*Per languores Tuos, libera me, Domine!*" he murmured, as a single big tear broke slowly from each eye, and rolled down his thin cheeks. "What shall I ask of Thee, my God, for this guileless brother sleeping here, as little knowing what life will be to him as I knew what mine would be to me? Shall I ask Thee to lead him by murmuring streams and along green paths till he reaches his home, wearied but not wounded by the way? Or shall I ask for him a share in a lot like mine?"

He paused, and seemed to ponder; but hearing the voices of others coming up the path towards the spot where he stood, a sudden look of distress and alarm spread over his countenance, and hurriedly wiping from it all traces of tears, he walked away at a quick pace.

"Is not that poor Father Basil?" asked one of three religious, whose approach had so much affected him. It was Father Benedict, the novice-master, who with two others, Father Jerome and Father John, was strolling leisurely about the garden.

"Why do you call him *poor*?" asked Father John;

“unless in the sense that every man who will not admit his guilt is to be pitied.”

“Come, come,” replied the other, “you are a little hard upon Father Basil, I am sure. There’s nothing certain, after all, you know.”

“*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus!*” ejaculated Father John, who was a hard-headed, energetic man, with no nerves, and so strict a sense of rigorous justice, that he sometimes seemed to think that justice is the only Christian virtue in existence. He had, moreover, a way of flooring people in conversation by the announcement of various indisputable truths or proverbs, which though they did not convince, usually served the purpose of silencing them. He was a man who would have knocked his own head against a granite-wall, without a moment’s hesitation, if he thought it his duty to do so; and the line of conduct which he adopted for himself, he held it right to require of every body else.

“What every body says is true,” he continued: “I have weighed every circumstance most carefully and rigidly, and I grieve to say I fear there is not the slightest doubt about the matter.”

“I can’t argue the question,” rejoined the other; “but I don’t agree with you. Every thing, I grant you, looks ill, and I have very grievous suspicions; but I am not convinced nevertheless. What say you, Father Jerome?”

The person thus addressed was an emaciated and grave-looking man, with bright and slightly restless eyes; he trod the ground with decided and vigorous steps, and at first sight might have been taken for a man of remarkable strength of character, unyielding and unbending, and unapproachable by the ordinary infirmities of humanity. A closer inspection showed a cast of face, especially in the lower portions, which indicated a want of solidity and quiet power; and there was certainly a faint touch of self-consciousness in the general expression of his countenance, quite unlike any thing that could be traced in either of his companions.

“I fear the whole thing is too clear to admit of any doubt,” he replied to the question of the novice-master. “The evidence is such, that no judge and no jury could help being morally convinced; though, perhaps, it is insufficient for any legal conviction. I can’t say that I remember every particular, as it must be nearly seven years since it happened; but my impression at the time was most decided. It is a sad affair for us, who ought to be known to all the neighbourhood for our spiritual and mortified lives.”

“Certainly,” rejoined Father Benedict; “but I confess I

think quite as much of the reality as of what people will say of us; indeed, rather more. My heart bleeds for Father Basil, whether it is true or whether it is false. He is our brother after all."

"No doubt, no doubt," exclaimed Father Jerome; "but it is a sad thing for a religious house to lose its reputation for austerities and devotion. Sometimes I am quite ashamed to look people in the face when I meet them out walking."

"It sometimes surprises me," said Father Benedict, "that nothing has ever come of the gossiping that there must be about this unhappy business. It seems quite providential that the scandal should be no greater than it is, though certainly it is serious enough."

"For my part, I think it is an occasion for redoubling our own mortifications, by way of expiation for our brother's guilt," observed Father Jerome.

"I don't!" ejaculated Father John, in the bluntest of tones; "wait till he's *proved* guilty. We may think him guilty, but we don't know it; and I don't see that people's taking offence at mere reports is a reason for our humbling ourselves more than usual. It's part of our lot, as religious, to have lies told of us; and it can't be helped. There's nothing like doing every thing by strict rule. Ha! who have we here fast asleep? What! one of our young novices taking it so easily already?"

"Softly, softly," rejoined the novice-master; "poor fellow! he has not been taking it easily as yet, I am sure. I never saw any one so upset in all my life. When he was on his knees before Father Prior this morning at the clothing, he trembled and shook so that I expected him every moment to drop upon the floor. Let him sleep a little in peace."

And so they passed on.

The subject of the first part of their discussion was meanwhile proceeding to the convent-church. The day was drawing to a close; and within the church, the light, subdued by the tints of the painted windows, had dwindled to a twilight obscurity, so that the flame of the lamp which hung before the Blessed Sacrament greeted the eye like the evening star. Father Basil entered the church with silent footfall, and every movement of his body wore an impression of timid stealth. He looked nervously about him along the nave and aisles, and the slightest possible expression of relief might have been discerned upon his countenance as he ascertained that he was perfectly alone. Then, approaching the altar where our Blessed Lord lay reposing, he cried, almost aloud:

"*Quid mihi est in cælo, et à Te quid volui super terram?*"

And so saying, he fell upon his face before his God, and remained motionless and without breathing a sound.

Presently the latch of the church-door was lifted. The noise, though slight, caught his sensitive ears; he raised his head, listened, and hearing the door open, he was on his feet in a moment; and before the new comer, whoever he might be, had time to have cast a glance round the building in the dimness of the evening, Father Basil had left it by another entrance. It was only a couple of little children, sisters, on their way homewards, who had stepped in for a few moments' visit, to pray for their mother who was sick. They knelt down near the doorway, whispered a prayer or two, rose up again, and leaving the church, chased each other with merry laughter as they hastened home. But even these innocent children would have been enough to scare the agitated Father from his solitary prayers.

CHAPTER V.

CONVERSATIONS.

WHILE these little incidents were passing at St. Oswald's, an open carriage, drawn by four greys, and accompanied by two outriders in the Somerset livery, was dashing through the park-gates of Burleigh Manor. It rolled rapidly along the well-kept road to the house, about half a mile in length, till the postilions pulled up their eager steeds at the door of the manor so sharply as almost to throw them upon their haunches. Sir Reginald Somerset, his wife and his daughter, descended from the carriage; the first with stately leisure, the second as grandly as the two spaniels which she hugged in her arms would permit, the third with a bound which set the carriage-step springing back behind her as she jumped to the ground. The whole household of domestics was drawn up in array in the entrance-hall to receive their master with all due solemnity on his return from Brighton. Sir Reginald, his wife and daughter, passed through the well-drilled assemblage, the baronet condescendingly bowing right and left, Lady Somerset taking little or no notice of any thing, and the young lady saying, "How do you do?—how do you do?" to those who caught her eye; and finishing with "How's the black mare, Timothy?" a question addressed to one of the grooms.

In the drawing-room were found awaiting them two

visitors, Father Ambrose and Mrs. Longford. The baronet addressed them with gracious cordiality, imagining (though he was mistaken) that they had come expressly to be present at his arrival, and do him honour. Lady Somerset shook hands with them; then looking around the room, and not perceiving the object of her search, she turned to a footman who was bringing in a pile of bags, cushions, and shawls from the travelling-carriage, and said—

“Where’s Chloe?”

“Oh! poor dear Chloe!” exclaimed Mrs. Longford, without allowing the man to reply; “poor dear little dog! You can’t think, Lady Somerset, how excessively grieved I have been to think—and do you know I once had the sweetest little King Charles myself, that died, actually died, of exactly the very same accident. The poor little creature’s foot swelled up to such a frightful size, and I sent for Dr. Wilderspin—he was the most celebrated physician in London in those days;—and the doctor actually—yes, actually—had the brutality to say to me;—you know he used to attend the Prince of Wales, and one day when his Royal Highness had the gout—I believe his Royal Highness had got drunk for three nights running before; and I’m told that when very fat people have the gout ——”

“But what is the matter with Chloe?” at last interposed Lady Somerset, who had been fairly overpowered by the little lady’s volubility.

“That’s exactly what I was going to say,” replied Mrs. Longford; “Matilda, the girl that I know you left in particular charge of Chloe;—by the way, Sir Reginald, I was calling yesterday at Matilda’s father’s cottage; the poor old man is getting quite past work now;—but the measles is a very disagreeable complaint to have in one’s house, and particularly in a large establishment like yours, Sir Reginald; for I was thinking to myself that if every body at Burleigh Manor had the measles, beginning with Sir Reginald and Lady Somerset, it would be excessively ——”

“Will the woman never hold her tongue?” thought the baronet to himself, though he was too polite to express his thoughts, and he only said—

“Such a thing could hardly be, Mrs. Longford. It is one of the happy privileges of our family, that we are singularly free from infectious and disfiguring complaints of all kinds. Whether it be from the remarkable purity of blood—I mean, speaking metaphorically and genealogically, and not chemically and physiologically—or from whatever cause, it is a remarkable fact that ——”

"Precisely so!" interrupted Mrs. Longford; "that's just what I said to Moses when he told me about it. I said, 'Moses, the Somersets never have the measles.'"

At this absurd application of Sir Reginald's favourite dictum, Mary Somerset could no longer restrain her smiles, but turned away; while Father Ambrose, equally unable to control his amusement, forced himself to cough violently, and then observed:

"The fact is, Sir Reginald, your servant, Matilda Hodge, has got the measles; and that's why I am here now. I have just been to see the girl, for I'm sorry to say she's dangerously ill. And as for Chloe, Mrs. Longford was just telling me when you arrived, that the dog has got a thorn in its foot, and is very lame."

Sir Reginald was already looking extremely serious; for notwithstanding his professions, he happened to have an especial horror of all sorts of disease, and more particularly of every kind of complaint which tended, even temporarily, to disfigure the countenance.

"Isabella!" said he, turning to his wife, "how could Mrs. Newport allow the girl to have the measles in this house? Her thoughtlessness—yes, her culpable thoughtlessness, I must say it—is extreme."

"And poor Chloe, too," added Lady Somerset; "to be neglected, just at the time the poor little thing wanted the most attention. As you said in your beautiful sermon, just before we went to Brighton, what troubles there are in this life! It is a vale of tears, I am sure, for us all. Is it not, Father Ambrose?"

"Mary!" suddenly exclaimed the baronet, "why do you move so fast? I have often expressed my disapprobation of the practice of running which I have observed in some young ladies of the present day. Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Only to see Matilda, papa," replied Miss Somerset; and before her papa could recover his senses at the announcement, she had left the drawing-room, and was half-way to the sick girl's chamber.

"Don't be alarmed," said Father Ambrose; "they won't let her into the room; I gave the doctor a hint about it, and he has strictly enjoined the woman that is nursing the girl not to allow any person, under any pretence, to go in, without his express permission."

"But, Mr. Warrington, you have been in yourself!" cried the baronet.

"Of course I have," replied the other; "the poor girl is so ill, that I dare say she will die before the day is over. I left her not five minutes before you arrived."

Sir Reginald rang the bell in solemn silence.

"Bring pastilles, eau-de-cologne, and chloride of lime, instantly," said he, emphatically, to the man who answered the summons.

"Oh, don't be afraid," observed Father Ambrose; "there's not the least danger. Besides, if there was, you are continually running the same risk without knowing it. The last time I saw you I had just been visiting two persons ill with scarlet fever."

Whatever Sir Reginald would have said to this daring trifling with his health was interrupted by the return of Mary, who came back disappointed at not seeing the sick girl.

"It's of no use in the world, Miss Somerset," said Mrs. Longford, whose tongue was in a fidget to be off again; "if the girl's going to die, you can't prevent it; and if you're all going to have the measles—by the way, I have it from the best possible authority that eau-de-cologne, pastilles, and all sorts of scents, are very bad things for the constitution; though I must say that now my poor boys have both left me, I do find a little eau-de-cologne very refreshing when my head aches; and yesterday I had been crying till I thought my heart would break about Edward ——"

"Have both your sons left you? I was not aware they were going," said Lady Somerset.

Mary was now painfully alive to the conversation, little aware herself with what keen eyes her friend Father Ambrose was watching her. Unconscious of any effect likely to follow from her words, the rattling Mrs. Longford continued—

"Oh, dear! have you not heard? Both of them gone—gone for ever! gone both in one day! It happened this very morning! I was not there myself; but Father Ambrose saw it all, and can tell you; and he says my dear boy Edward seems none the worse for it; and if he does, I'm sure it's very unfeeling of him; don't you think so, Miss Somerset?"

Mary would not trust herself to a reply, and Father Ambrose came to her relief.

"George and Edward Longford were both of them clothed as novices at St. Oswald's this morning. I fancied you had heard it was to be, Lady Somerset."

So saying, he appeared to see only the person he addressed; but his eye was upon her daughter, unobserved even by her.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Lady Somerset; "I do pity you indeed, Mrs. Longford; it is a hard trial for you; and I must say that these kind of things are scarcely fair upon us parents. I sometimes fancy, suppose Mary should take it into her head to be a nun!"

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Longford.

"God forbid!" ejaculated Sir Reginald, with the tone of a man giving utterance to a sentiment of the profoundest piety.

"And do you know, Lady Somerset," the little lady went on, "the life at St. Oswald's is perfectly frightful. No talking at dinner-times! No sheets to their beds! Not such a thing as a warming-pan in the whole establishment, for I made particular inquiries! And"—(and here she placed her lips close to Lady Somerset's ear, as if the subject of her communication was quite unfit for mention before a mixed company)—"would you believe it? they actually—" and here her voice was no longer audible, save that the words "bare shoulders" could just be detected by an attentive listener.

While this talk, and much more to the same purpose, was going on between Sir Reginald, his wife, and Mrs. Longford, Father Ambrose was bestowing all his attention on Miss Somerset. The suspicions he had long entertained as to the feelings of his young friend were completely confirmed by the manner in which she received his announcement that Edward Longford was now a novice in the monastery. She said nothing; but she sank quietly back upon a sofa, the trembling of her hands and the pallor of her cheeks revealing the depth of the emotion she was undergoing. The Father said not a word, but walked to a table on which stood wine and water, and pouring some out into a glass, handed it to her in silence. She took it, and looking up into his face, she there read in the expression of grave compassion that it wore the certainty that her secret was already known to him. It gave her no pain, but the reverse. He was her only *friend* in the world; and while she yearned to confide in him and ask his counsel, she naturally shrank with terror from avowing to him the real state of her mind and the true nature of the trial she was about to undergo. It was therefore an actual relief to her to believe that the ice was broken, and that she should be spared the necessity of giving him information without which he could have given her no trustworthy advice, and yet which it would have cost her such grievous pangs to communicate. If any thing was needed to assure her that he had penetrated into the recesses of her mind, she found the assurance in observing that he now quietly placed himself, in a manner which

would otherwise have been somewhat rude, between her and the rest of the party, so that she was completely screened from their observation. As soon as he imagined that she was again tolerably calm, he took his leave; but he was not out of the house when he heard Miss Somerset's voice calling him by name, and begging him to stop. He turned, and she led the way into the library, and they both sat down without speaking.

"Are you in a hurry to-day?" asked Mary at last, in a faltering voice.

"Not the least," said Father Ambrose. "If you had rather I waited a little while, here is the newspaper; I will read it till you feel inclined to talk."

So saying, he began to read, while she buried her head between her hands and wept without attempting to restrain herself. Father Ambrose made no remarks, but went on reading, or appearing to read; only now and then watching his *protégée* over the top of the paper. At length she lifted up her head and wiped away her tears. He drew his chair nearer to her, and began to speak.

"My dear child, you need not distress yourself by telling me any thing you don't wish to say, for I fancy I now know it all, as I have long suspected it. Only tell me what can I do for you?"

"I am so ashamed and humbled to the very dust," cried Mary, "that I don't know what to say. Have I done very wrong, do you think? It seems so shameful to allow such feelings to grow in one's heart for a person who has never spoken one word to encourage them. Yet I am sure he sometimes longed to say something of the kind, but did not dare do it."

"It is well he did not," replied the Father; "for you know your relative circumstances presented obstacles quite insurmountable to any efforts he could have made to overcome them."

"Yes," said she; "I see it is so, and I feel it is so; and I think I shall resolutely set myself to root out every memory of what is past. At any rate, I have had a lesson of humiliation which can never be forgotten."

"You have one consolation," he replied, "which will show its value more and more every day. In this matter, whatever may be your other faults, you have acted with perfect prudence and propriety. And I often think that the crosses which spring from our good actions are more beneficial than those which are a kind of punishment for our faults. If they are more wounding to our natural pride, they

are free from the torments of self-reproach, and come—if I may say so—more directly from the hand of God.”

“ Oh,” cried Mary, “ if I did but know the will of God as to my own life!”

“ There is no difficulty in the world as to knowing it for all practical purposes,” said her friend. “ If you mean that you would like to know it in circumstances which have not yet arrived, that is mere morbid curiosity, and to gratify it would do you more harm than good. I should say that your duty at present is so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.”

“ What do you think is my duty now?” asked she.

“ To struggle and pray for calmness of mind, and a joyful acquiescence in the circumstances in which Divine Providence places you.”

“ Will you be very much shocked if I say one thing more? I don't like saying it, but I really must.”

“ I don't think I shall be *very* much shocked at any thing you can say, unless my friend Mary is remarkably changed for the worse,” replied he, with a smile.

“ Well!” said Mary; “ it's of no use hesitating and stammering about it. It *will* come into my head to think whether I ought ever to marry at all; and even now, agitated as I am, the idea haunts me like a painful vision.”

“ Have you long had such doubts?” said the Father, rather coolly, as Mary thought.

“ More or less for years,” she answered; “ but more than ever, and in a most painful and agitating way, ever since I have felt these uncontrollable feelings growing up towards him.”

“ Do you mean that you have for years past *wished* to enter religion?” he asked.

“ Not exactly that. I have been haunted with the fear lest I should be opposing the will of God if I did not, at any rate, keep myself in a condition which would allow of my becoming a nun at some time or other. Do you think this shows that I have a vocation?”

“ That's a question quite impossible to answer in your present state of feeling. One thing, however, I may remind you of; the voice of the Holy Ghost is a gentle and soothing voice, though its energy is such as to be all but irresistible. Temptation troubles the soul; grace is ever as calming and steadying as it is strengthening.”

“ But I am never calm and never steady!” exclaimed Mary.

“ That is one reason why I said that your present duty should be to acquire a more equable and controlled character of mind.”

"Ah, that is just what I envy in you good religious. You never seem agitated or disturbed. Surely one can't attain any thing of the kind, living as I do in the world."

"You make a double mistake," said Father Ambrose. "In the first place, don't fancy that we in religious houses are never agitated or disturbed, though I hope we really are less so than people in the world—and we should be very bad religious if we were otherwise;—and in the second place, a remarkable degree of peace *can* be acquired in the midst of the most harassing duties of active secular life. You must not run away with the idea that inward composure and recollection are incompatible with outward energy and bustle."

"But how few, even of devout people, acquire it!" replied Mary.

"That is their own fault," rejoined he. "In a restless, excited, moving, and controversial age like the present, and especially in a country like England, where 'What's the news?' is almost a commoner saying than 'What is the weather going to be?' it is very hard to acquire an habitual repose of mind. But this only proves that it is the more necessary to try for it. Why our very language has no word for that grace which is one of the chief elements of repose. 'Sweetness' is no adequate rendering of '*douceur*;' that charming grace which St. Francis of Sales was perpetually urging upon devout people of all classes."

"I wish I had a little of it," sighed Mary.

"Then cultivate it, my dear child," said Father Ambrose, "by little and little. St. Francis himself was by nature a much more peppery personage than you are; yet this same '*douceur*' was in the end one of his brightest ornaments. But we'll say no more just at present. I advise a little physical regimen just now. If you're not too tired, go and breathe the soft evening air for a while, and think as little as possible of what has just passed. There is sometimes great virtue in forgetting things for a time. So now, good bye, and God bless you."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. OGLEBY.

"A LETTER from Mrs. Ogleby, my dear," observed Lady Somerset, a few mornings afterwards, to her husband, as they sat at the breakfast-table.

"Ha, indeed!" replied the baronet; "it gives me satisfaction to learn it. I trust we may shortly have the pleasure of gratifying Mrs. Ogleby's striking good taste with a sight of Burleigh. She is a worthy person, a very worthy person indeed, and of a good family in the north besides. When does she propose to visit us?"

"Next Monday," said Lady Somerset.

"We shall be happy to receive her," rejoined Sir Reginald. "Of course you will write and assure the good lady that she need be under no apprehension of intruding upon us. And perhaps, my dear, it would be as well if you sent a carriage to meet her at the station. It would tend to set her at her ease in society a little—though possibly only a little above that to which she has been habituated."

"I will go and meet her myself," said Lady Somerset. "I have some calls to make in that neighbourhood, and can pick her up on my way home."

"That's rather a bore, mamma," interposed Miss Somerset; "I had taken a fancy to go over and see Lord Pangbourne's pictures on Monday. It's the only public day for seeing them; and Lord Pangbourne does prose away so much about his gallery, that I'm quite ashamed to own so often to him that I have never seen them."

"But, Mary," said her father, "why do you prefer inspecting the pictures on a public day, mixed up with all the heterogeneous canaille of the neighbourhood, when Lord Pangbourne has so repeatedly requested you to give him the pleasure of a call on some other day for the express purpose?"

"Because—because—" said his daughter, hesitatingly.

"Because what, Mary?" said her father.

"What shall I say, papa?" replied she, laughing. "Well, because his lordship is unquestionably a bore; and a bore abroad is thrice a bore at home. Only conceive the awful infliction we should have from the noble owner of those renowned pictures; the parentage, birth, life and death of every one of the painters, with references innumerable to all the writers on art, from Winckelmann down to Waagen. My ears have a buzzing in them at the very thought."

"You speak as if Lord Pangbourne never talked about any thing but paintings, my dear," responded Sir Reginald. "His lordship is a remarkably well-informed man."

"Oh, horribly well-informed!" exclaimed Mary; "he kills one with his knowledge about every thing. His memory is perfectly excruciating."

"You employ rather exaggerated expressions," replied her father, in a tone of reproof. "I must say that I never found

his lordship any thing but an agreeable and respectful companion. He never forgets himself in the least degree."

"I wish he would forget himself in another sense of the word," rejoined Mary. "He never forgets *himself* for a single moment. It would be quite a pleasure if he would forget any thing. However, to do the poor man justice, there are some things he does not remember, because he never knew them."

"What may they be, may I inquire?" said Sir Reginald, in one of his loftiest tones.

"For instance, it never entered into his head that he could by any possibility bore one to death," rejoined Mary.

"You forget yourself, Miss Somerset," said her father, now getting really angry.

"I believe few young ladies in the county are of your opinion with respect to Lord Pangbourne, Mary," observed Lady Somerset. "He is generally thought one of the most eligible matches of the day. Good-tempered, thoroughly respectable, steady, rich, and not at all extravagant. In my opinion any young lady to whom he were to ally himself—" and here she looked pointedly at her daughter—"ought to consider herself a fortunate person."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Mary, "I should pity her with all my heart. Just conceive Lord Pangbourne making an offer! What portentous ponderosity! Why, no bride could survive the honeymoon: he would bruise her with facts, scarify her with dates, and finally choke her with algebraic formulas."

"Mary!" cried her father, "I particularly request that you will not speak of Lord Pangbourne in that most—most—most improper manner. You, of all young ladies, whose father's estate almost joins the Eccleston Castle property; and which will join it, if, as I hope, I am enabled to complete the purchase I am now contemplating of the Thornburn estate—"

"Good heavens, papa!" exclaimed Mary, "you don't really suppose I am going to receive proposals from this encyclopædic peer?"

"Excuse me, Mary," rejoined her father; "but that is a very improper epithet to apply to any member of the British aristocracy."

"Surely you are not serious in imagining that Lord Pangbourne has such cruel designs upon me?" rejoined Mary.

"Has cruel designs upon you?" echoed he; "your language is quite unjustifiable this morning. What can you mean by it?"

"Well, papa," retorted Mary; "I am glad you gave me a hint; forewarned is forearmed."

"What do you mean, my dear?" said the baronet. "You

are too fond of proverbs : I do not approve of proverbs ; they are only fit for the common people."

"Then, at any rate, they will do for his lordship," said Mary, "for he is a remarkably common person."

This was too much for the baronet. He looked terrible things at his daughter ; but words sufficiently appropriate would not come at his bidding, and he was forced to sit in silence, drawing his breath with unwonted rapidity.

Lady Somerset came to the relief of both parties ; for Mary's conscience told her that her replies were not exactly models of filial reverence, and she was thankful to have the subject changed by another person.

"But now about Mrs. Ogleby," said Lady Somerset. "Shall we consider my proposal as decided upon?"

"If your daughter will give you permission," rejoined the baronet, magnificently.

Mary looked at her plate, blushed, and commenced a violent onslaught on some fragments of egg-shell. She devoutly hoped that Mrs. Ogleby's qualifications would not be brought under discussion ; for she felt that she was too much excited already to be able to control her expressions of opinion with respect to that lady in such a manner as not to offend her father.

"I don't suppose it can matter very much to Mrs. Ogleby," said Lady Somerset, "whether she comes next week or the week after, as we have invited her for a long stay."

"Probably not," said her husband. "We talked of asking her for a couple of months or so, did we not?"

This was too much for Mary, who was taken quite unawares by the announcement, and she exclaimed,

"Two months ! What a long visit !"

"Perhaps, Mary," said her father, "you entertain a similar opinion of Mrs. Ogleby to that with which you have favoured us respecting my friend and neighbour Lord Pangbourne?"

"Far from it," said Miss Somerset. "The two are extremely unlike. I respect Lord Pangbourne, at least to a certain extent, though I don't like him ; but—"

"But what?" said Sir Reginald, as Mary hesitated to finish her sentence.

"Oh, papa !" entreated she, "never mind what I was going to say ; it was not worth saying. I do think Mrs. Ogleby a more agreeable person than Lord Pangbourne ; I do indeed."

"She is both an agreeable and a most praiseworthy person," observed Sir Reginald ; "and she has suffered much for conscience sake."

Mary bit her lips, but said nothing, and intently examined the pattern on the breakfast-plate before her.

The baronet continued :—

“ Mrs. Ogleby’s history is a painful one, though highly creditable to herself. Her parents were wealthy Catholics, and to please them she married this Mr. Ogleby, a man of fortune, but not of our communion. After their marriage he used her very ill because she would not give up her religion; and when he died, which was not very long after their marriage, he left every farthing of his property away from her, and she has now only a small jointure to live upon. Fortunately she has no children.”

“ But I never understood about her father’s property,” said Lady Somerset.

“ Her father and mother both died between her marriage and her husband’s death,” said Sir Reginald; “ and the family property was found so charged with mortgages and otherwise entangled, that there was little or nothing to come to poor Mrs. Ogleby. Indeed, this was one cause which tended to irritate her husband’s feelings against her, for he had expected a respectable fortune at her parents’ decease.”

“ Poor thing!” ejaculated Lady Somerset; “ and she bears it all so sweetly and piously. So cheerful too, and ready to please every body; and so fond of dogs and birds!”

“ And so remarkably well informed in heraldry!” chimed in the baronet. “ I have seldom met with a lady so remarkably well instructed in the family histories of the aristocracy.”

“ Probably because she is one of them herself,” observed Miss Somerset, in a voice in which more acute observers than her parents would have detected a slight dash of irony.

“ She is a very agreeable person,” said Lady Somerset.

“ A very worthy person,” said Sir Reginald.

“ A very clever person,” said Miss Somerset.

“ Very,” said Sir Reginald.

“ Very clever *indeed*,” said Mary, making a fresh attack upon the egg-shells with extraordinary zeal and concentration of purpose.

“ Then so it is settled,” said the baronet, breaking up the conversation and rising from the table; “ Mrs. Ogleby comes on Monday.”

Monday came, and the expected guest arrived and was cordially received. It was dinner-time at Burleigh Manor; and as the hall-clock struck seven, the stately form of Sir Reginald Somerset was visible, leisurely descending the stairs. A sober smile sat upon his countenance, and he seemed to be anticipating an agreeable meal. His appetite was generally

good, his cook was excellent, and Lady Somerset was happy in the art of ordering dinners at once plentiful and refined. On the whole the dinner-hour was generally a pleasant period to the baronet.

He entered the drawing-room with quiet steps over the thickly-carpeted hall; but no sooner was he within the door than he stood still. A lady, about five-and-thirty years of age, was standing with her back towards Sir Reginald, in rapt admiration of a picture which hung upon the wall before her. It was a full-length oil portrait of a gentleman in military costume, tolerably well executed as a work of art, and faithfully delineating all the ornamental appendages of a brilliant uniform. The personage represented was handsome, dignified, aristocratic, and bland; in a word, it was a representation of Sir Reginald himself.

The lady in contemplation of the portrait took no notice of the entrance of the original into the room. For a few moments she gazed in silence, and then murmured, in a voice just audible through the apartment,

"What a noble countenance! How like its generous original! There certainly is nothing like blood, after all."

At that moment Sir Reginald coughed, though gently. The lady gave a start,—if a feigned one, yet a well-feigned one,—and turned hastily round. Sir Reginald shut the door behind him and advanced.

"A respectable painting that, Mrs. Ogleby," said he, "I am told; a very respectable painting. You probably have surmised that it is a likeness of myself, though taken, as you must have observed, many years ago."

"It was impossible to remain for a moment in doubt as to who it was designed for, Sir Reginald," rejoined Mrs. Ogleby. "It is singularly like indeed, and a beautiful picture besides. But surely it is not so very long since it was taken. Four or five years ago, I should say; or perhaps, to go to an extreme, say eight or ten."

The baronet smiled benevolently upon his visitor.

"You flatter me, Mrs. Ogleby," said he, though he certainly thought she spoke the exact truth. "It was painted just five-and-twenty years ago."

"I am perfectly astonished," said the lady. "And how remarkably well the hands are painted; the hands, which are the unfailing sign of purity and antiquity of race."

Sir Reginald happening to be possessed of really good hands, small, taper, and fair, yet not wanting in muscular vigour, was rapidly coming to the conclusion that Mrs. Ogleby was the most discerning woman in the three kingdoms. But

before he could reply, his daughter had entered the drawing-room, and hearing the subject of the conversation, remarked, as she sat down and took up a book—

“Do you know, papa, that Lord Pangbourne says the hands are out of drawing in that picture.”

“Impossible!” cried Sir Reginald; “so well-informed a man could not possibly make so great a mistake.”

“He did indeed,” said Mary, “and quoted a whole page out of Lavater in support of his assertion between the spoonfuls of his soup, the very last time he dined here.”

“Lavater!” said the baronet, “who is he? I never heard of him. A person of low birth, I have no doubt.”

“A Swiss, Sir Reginald,” interposed Mrs. Ogleby, “and of course a republican. The mistake was quite natural in a person of his class.”

“It is the only erroneous opinion I ever heard advanced by his lordship,” observed the baronet, in his most oracular manner. “I shall take an early opportunity of warning him against the opinions of—what did you call the republican writer in question, Mrs. Ogleby?”

“Lavater,” said the lady appealed to. “He is not a writer in whose judgment I ever placed any confidence.”

“I should have been surprised if you had, my dear madam,” rejoined Sir Reginald: and Lady Somerset having now appeared, he offered his arm to Mrs. Ogleby and led her to the dinner-table.

The following morning the three ladies were sitting together, when it was announced that Father Ambrose was in the library, where he wished to see Miss Somerset.

“You have very frequent interviews with Father Ambrose, Mary,” observed Lady Somerset; “I hope you are not plotting any mischief together.”

“None in the world, mamma,” replied her daughter, as she left the room to seek her visitor.

“One of your good monks, I presume?” asked Mrs. Ogleby, as Mary closed the door. “I believe I have heard his name before. How many of the good fathers are there?”

“I don’t know how many exactly,” said Lady Somerset.

“If it is not troubling your ladyship too much,” rejoined Mrs. Ogleby, “it would gratify me to have a little account of some of these excellent religious. I am sure you would sketch their characters with great truth and correctness. While I remain at Burleigh, I shall perhaps take the opportunity of consulting one of them on a few little spiritual matters, and your ladyship’s guidance in the selection would be particularly valuable.”

"I don't know very much about them," said Lady Somerset.

"I suppose they all, or nearly all of them, hear confessions," said Mrs. Ogleby.

"A good many of them do," said Lady Somerset.

"I think I shall try them all round," observed Mrs. Ogleby. "What would your ladyship advise?"

Her ladyship, however, had nothing to advise, and the subject soon dropped.

In the meantime Miss Somerset was conversing with her visitor.

"Who is this Mrs. Ogleby that you've got here?" said Father Ambrose. "Where did your father pick her up? Don't think me impertinently curious; I have a reason for asking."

"I know nothing about her," said Mary, "except what papa tells me and what she says herself. We met her at Brighton, and I'm sorry to say she is to be inflicted on us for the next two months to come."

"Then you don't like her?" asked the Father.

"That is a question I don't like to answer. But why do you ask?"

He replied by putting a letter into her hands. It was dated at London, and ran thus:—

"MY DEAR FATHER AMBROSE,—

"A certain lady, one Mrs. Ogleby, just going to visit the Somersets at Burleigh, has been asking me to give her an introduction to you. For reasons of my own I declined it; but I told her I would write to you, and ask you to be civil to her; which, by the way, is a needless waste of time and paper, as I don't know why you should be less civil to her than to other people. I know little or nothing of the said lady; and a friend of mine, who does know her, begs me particularly to tell you that I do really know little or nothing of her. Some people consider her a very spiritual person. Of that I can't speak, for one ought not to judge by appearances. However, here is the fulfilment of my promise.

"Yours sincerely in Christ,

" — — —

"P.S. By the way, I may as well tell you that Mrs. O. is somewhat demonstrative in her piety, at least in church; so don't be surprised at a little eccentricity in that line. She once offered two hundred candles at one time to an altar of our Lady, and would not let me go till I had engaged to have

them all lighted at once the very next Sunday. *Ex pede Herculem.*"

"I shall imitate your correspondent's caution," said Mary, as she finished the letter and returned it. "I am glad you showed me the letter, nevertheless."

"You think, then, there is more than meets the eye?" asked Father Ambrose.

"I do," said Mary.

"That is enough," he replied; "and now, good morning."

(To be continued.)

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM IN LIVERPOOL.

A LETTER has recently appeared in a Liverpool journal which no doubt at once attracted the attention of the Catholics of Liverpool itself; but which makes such remarkable disclosures, that it cannot fail to be interesting to every Catholic in the country. The "moral" of it also is so striking, that we lose no time in laying the more important portions of it before our readers.

Every body interested in statistics knows, that when the last census of the population was taken, a certain Mr. Horace Mann, an official personage, published a *résumé* of the returns, with sundry facts, or professed facts, as to the extent of the various religious "denominations" of the United Kingdom. Shrewd people all along suspected a considerable amount of humbug in the entire affair, and accepted Mr. Horace Mann's calculations and deductions with a very large number of "grains of salt." Now in Liverpool exists one Nathaniel Caine, a Protestant of some denomination or other, of what denomination in particular we know not, and Liverpool has "denominations" in plenty; at any rate, this Mr. Nathaniel Caine knew already a little more about the matter than most folks. When Mr. Horace Mann's figures came out, it seems that they were instantly pronounced by sundry Protestants of Liverpool to be "grossly incorrect." The details, we learn, were scarcely disputed; but the totals disappointed so many, whilst the cry for more Protestant church-accommodation was still heard, that the general result was declared to be one on which no reliance could be placed. Nathaniel Caine fully agreed with his fellow-townsmen in

thinking the Mann statistics false; but he knew that the falsehood was of a very different complexion from that which the self-complacent world of Protestantism supposed. Circumstances have now led him to *test* the correctness of the official returns by means something better than the statements of Dissenting preachers and Anglican clergymen. He got the people actually counted at all the churches and chapels in Liverpool, and he very fairly chose days when the attendance would be a large one. The result of this very practical method of settling the question he has now published, in a tabulated form, giving the names of each church and chapel, the "denomination" it belongs to, and the actual attendance at each of the separate services on the day in question. To these tables he prefixes a few paragraphs, containing a summary of the results of the figures themselves. Let us see, then, how church and chapel building, and church and chapel attendance, fare at present in Liverpool. Here is Mr. Caine's summary:

"The total number of churches, chapels, and meeting-places for religious worship in Liverpool (which, according to the census of 1851, contained a population of 400,000 souls) is now 154. There is seat-room in them for 133,953 persons; but the actual attendance at the morning and generally best-attended service, *including children*, is only 81,935. The returns, as obtained from the officials, gave an average attendance, *exclusive of children*, of 102,139; so that the official return was 'grossly incorrect' to the extent of 20,204 persons, there being that number *fewer* attenders at public worship. But to be a little more particular—there is unoccupied space in the churches and chapels on Sundays for 52,018 persons; or, in other words, there are equal to 52 empty places of worship capable of containing 1000 each.

But the above general statement will be considerably modified if the Roman Catholic congregations are omitted from this calculation. It will be seen, that whilst the Catholics have in their 13 places of worship seat-room for 15,600, the attendance is given at 37,226. This arises from the continued series of separate services which are conducted on the Sunday mornings, in order to accommodate different congregations. If, therefore, the Roman Catholics are omitted from the calculation, what do we find? That in the Protestant churches and chapels in Liverpool there is seat-room for 118,353 persons, whilst only 44,599 attend, leaving unoccupied seat-room for 73,754 persons; or, in other words, there are equal to 73 unoccupied Protestant churches and chapels in Liverpool capable of containing 1000 each.

The Church of England has 55 places of worship (exclusive of those in workhouses, asylums, and hospitals, which are not included in this return), with seat-room for 63,009 persons. Now the actual attendance, including adults and children, is only 24,907; so that there is unoccupied space in the churches of England in Liverpool for 38,102 persons; or, in other words, there are equal to 38 unoccupied Established churches capable of holding 1000 persons each. In fact, if we take the persons (adults and children) attending the churches of England morning, afternoon, and evening, the united number attending all the services only reaches 44,842; so that if all the persons who go to church morning, afternoon, and evening were to attend at one time, there would still be seat-room for 18,167 persons, there being then unoccupied space equal to 18 churches capable of holding 1000 each.

The Presbyterians have nine chapels, with seat-room for 8680. The attendance in the morning is 3762, so that their churches are not half-filled, leaving unoccupied space equal to nearly five churches capable of holding 1000 persons each.

The Unitarians have four chapels, with seat-room for 1900. The attendance in the morning is 920, or rather less than one-half. The number attending the whole of their services is only 1638.

The Baptists have eleven chapels, with accommodation for 7100 persons. The attendance is 2404, or nearly one-third the number for which seat-room is provided; the attendance at the whole of the services is only 5960.

The Independents have eleven chapels, capable of holding 8450. The attendance is 3406, or scarcely one-half for which there is accommodation. The attendance at the whole of the services is 7282.

The various sects of Methodists have 34 places of worship, with seat-room for 24,764. The attendance is only 7861; so that there are equal to 17 empty Methodist chapels capable of holding 1000 each. At the whole of the services the attendance only reaches 17,779.

The miscellaneous sects have 17 chapels, capable of holding 4450. The single attendance is 1339, and the attendance at all the services 2014.

The Roman Catholics have (exclusive of the convent-church) 13 places of worship, with seat-room for 15,600. The attendance at the morning services, which are continued for several hours to accommodate different congregations, is 37,226 adults; the evening service, 7406; the total attendance throughout the day being 44,632.

To sum up: the Church of England gave an average of

32,788 as attending; the actual attendance is only 24,907. The Presbyterians gave 3990; the actual number is 3762. The Unitarians gave 770 as their average attendance; the number counted is 920, which includes 62 at the Domestic Mission. The average attendance of the Baptists is given as 3680, and the number counted is 2404. The Independents gave 4870, the counted number is 3406. The Methodists averaged their attendance at 11,517, but in counting the result is 7861. The miscellaneous sects gave 1224, and the actual number is 1339. The Roman Catholics estimated the attendance at the morning services at 43,300, and the number counted is 37,226."

With the long list of the numbers at each separate church and chapel we need not trouble our readers, except that we cannot refrain from giving the list of the places that belong to the "various sects;" that is, those Dissenters who are not Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Socinians, or Independents, or Methodists. They are as follows, with the numbers who attended on the days they were counted. It will be observed that there are no less than three Mormonite (Latter-Day Saints) assemblies.

VARIOUS SECTS.	Seat-room.	Attendance as officially reported.	Actual attendance at Morning, Evening, and Afternoon services.		
			Morn.	Even.	After.
Plymouth Brethren, Back Canning Street	110	55	54	29	—
Christian Brethren, Hill Street	150	70	29	39	—
Catholic and Apostolic Church, Canning Street	120	75	79	—	35
Sandemanian, Gill Street	100	30	19	20	—
New Christian Church, Rose Place	100	60	54	41	—
Jews' Synagogue, Seel Street	300	130	162	—	—
" Hardman Street	350	150	114	—	—
New Jerusalem Church, Concert Hall (temporary)	400	80	70	76	—
New Jerusalem Church Friendly Society, Daulby Street	30	11	17	—	—
Bethel Union North, Bath Street	400	180	97	148	—
Burlington Bridge Station Room, supported by all denominations	200	80	50	62	—
Society of Friends	800	300	365	—	—
New Israelites, Daulby Street	20	3	—	—	—
Evangelical Union, Clayton Hall	1000	—	49	44	—
Latter-Day Saints, Rose Place	120	—	52	40	—
" Clare Street	150	—	74	95	—
" Bedford Street	100	—	54	46	—
Total	4450	1224	1339	640	35

On these last "various sects" we observe that their morning attendance was actually larger than they had officially represented it to be. Of the rest, only the Socinians named officially a smaller number than actually attended. The

greatest discrepancy between opinions and facts was in the case of the Church of England and the Methodist sect. The attendance at the places of the former was actually above 30 per cent less than its officials represented it to be. The Catholic attendance was about 20 per cent less. On this we have a remark to make. It was very difficult for the Catholic clergy and their assistants to calculate the exact average attendance of their flocks, for the obvious reason, that a Catholic congregation does not come in all at once, like a Protestant congregation, and go out instantly the service is over. The people who hear the various Masses in one morning dovetail one into another, and come and go, in a way that makes it any thing but easy to get at their exact numbers, except by the laborious process of counting each person at the doors as they go out. Any Protestant congregation, unless a very crowded one, can be easily reckoned up while the people are sitting still in the building; for they all come at one time, and all are cleared out as soon as the service is over. We can excuse, therefore, inaccuracies in a Catholic estimate, which we cannot in a Protestant, unless, as we have said, the people counted by the latter are very crowded. But the very reverse is the case with the Liverpool Protestants. Their buildings are never nearly full, much less crammed; often they are not half-full; so that a child could have reckoned the attendance without fear of error.

The discrepancies between fact and statement in some of the Protestant cases are quite startling. How will the maligners of St. Alphonsus Liguori account for these things? Is it equivocation, or is it lying, that the Liverpool clergy have been guilty of? When Dr. M'Neile next gets up to assail the Catholic faith in his own town, perhaps he will be good enough to throw a little of his own peculiar light on this knotty point of casuistry.

We note a few of the more remarkable instances, confining ourselves, for brevity's sake, to the Establishment. At the very first church on the list—St. John's, Old Haymarket—the officials could not see that there were less than 1500 people in a building which seated 2000, when there were only 1000. At St. Andrew's, Renshaw Street, an edifice containing all but 2000 seats, they professed to find at least half the seats full; Mr. Caine could count but 562. At St. David's, Brownlow Hill, the official vision was more wonderfully inaccurate still, even under circumstances still more favourable to correctness. The church seats 1200 Protestants; but such is the unattractiveness of the St. David's services, that even the official eye could detect no more than *two hundred* worship-

pers, whom our terrible Nathaniel Caine reduces to *forty-one*; that is, just *one* Protestant to every *thirty* sittings. St. Martin's, Great Oxford Street, has 2000 sittings; of these Nathaniel Caine could perceive that only one hundred and seventy were occupied, whereas the multiplying-glass of the official eye saw as many as five hundred, *just three times as many as facts warranted*; but even then only one-fourth of the building would have been filled, so that the calculation could not have been *very* perplexing. But we cannot linger over the list, though there are many more very glaring instances, not only of the inimitable coolness with which the reverend officials imposed upon the credulity of the government and the public, but of the extraordinary contrast which exists between the ecclesiastical brick-and-mortar of Liverpool and the persons who frequent the services therein conducted. Ruthless Mr. Caine puts the matter in a most palpable shape. Protestantism, he reminds us, has unoccupied brick-and-mortar in Liverpool equal to *seventy-three* churches, each containing *one thousand* sittings! With all this, the authorities of the Establishment have the effrontery to call for more churches. Surely it was the tongue of well-paid Anglican ecclesiastics that the poet had in view when he wrote,

“Volvitur et volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.”

But a word for ourselves, suggested by these remarkable statistics. It appears that of the Liverpool Catholics, about 38,000 persons hear Mass on Sundays. How many ought to hear Mass? Of course, when we come to think of ourselves, we put Protestantism and all its wretched pretences aside. Even if it were ten times more hypocritical, pretentious, and false than it is, what is that to us, when we are asking ourselves whether we do our duty to God, who is our only Judge? It is quite true that the proportion of our Catholic population, both in Liverpool and elsewhere, who come to church on Sundays, is *beyond all comparison* larger than the proportion of Protestants who frequent some place of worship or other; but as the commands of Almighty God, and not the habits of Protestants, are the standards by which we judge ourselves, what is the true state of the case, tried by a really Catholic test? Thirty-eight thousand Catholics hear Mass at Liverpool; what is the Catholic population, and what the probable number of those who are bound, under penalty of mortal sin, to hear it? And what is to be said of Liverpool, we fear applies still more forcibly to nearly every other large town in the kingdom; for there is no place where Catholicism is more flourishing than in Liverpool.

With us, no doubt, the real difficulty is in the scarcity of priests. We want double or treble the number we have, or even more still. Where there is a zealous priest, and a congregation, it is seldom that means for his support, though not for grand efforts in church-building, are wanting. We should remember, that two thousand people, contributing only 1s. 6d. a-piece per year, furnish an annual income of 150*l.* Who will say that two thousand Catholics, even when all poor, cannot be got gladly to give 1s. 6d. a-head per annum by any priest who is devoted to their service? But where *are* the priests? Some persons pray for the conversion of England; some for this pious object, some for that; all excellent things, no doubt, and demanding our fervent prayers. But why do not those who mourn over our spiritual destitution pray incessantly that God would give the grace of a vocation to the priesthood to such large numbers of our fellow-countrymen, that the time may come when every Catholic, rich and poor, shall be thoroughly cared for by one whose only aim it is to guide him in life, and to succour him in the hour of death? Is it possible that we have forgotten the words of the Good Shepherd Himself,—“The harvest is great, but the labourers are few: *pray ye therefore* the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest”?

Reviews.

COUSIN ON THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE GOOD.

Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien.—The True, the Beautiful, and the Good. By Victor Cousin.

THE present volume was published by the distinguished Professor of the History of Philosophy in the University of Paris, in the year 1853, and was intended by him to be a *résumé* of his whole teaching. If we take him at his word, his book is nothing more than this; he has not seen cause to modify his opinions on any one point; like the late Sir Robert Peel, he delights in quoting his former writings, and in going about to establish his own consistency. We must admit that, so far as the foundation and first principles of his philosophy are concerned, he is of the same mind in the present volume as in his former writings; but there are several offensive things omitted or

modified, and a testimony to the Catholic Church added, sufficiently satisfactory to have gained for the work admission into the series of the "Historical, Philosophical, and Literary Library," published at Louvain. In 1815, when M. Cousin began his course of lectures on the History of Philosophy, his teaching was characterised by a spirited antagonism to the dominant materialism of the day; and in this way, though in several other points quite opposed to Christian truth, his lectures had a beneficial influence on the minds of the students of the University of Paris. In 1853, at the close of his career, the veteran philosopher does not hesitate partially to retrace his steps, to avow a decided leaning to Catholic truth, and to offer what has been taken to be a solemn reparation to that religion which in former days he had in many points misunderstood and vilified.

For this reason, we think that English Catholics will be pleased to have a short account of this interesting work.

M. Cousin, it is well known, has been for some years the teacher of a new system of philosophy, and is the acknowledged head of the eclectic school in France. For himself he claims what he terms "spiritualism" as his distinguishing characteristic—the substance and foundation of his teaching; while his "eclecticism" is merely a method, which, as the historian of philosophy, he was obliged to follow. The man whose duty it is to trace the historical development of opinions is bound at the same time to exhibit the traces of truth which each system, however erroneous as a whole, must necessarily exhibit in its details and its principles. "Philosophy," says St. Clement of Alexandria, "is neither Stoicism, nor Platonism, nor Epicureanism, nor Aristotelianism; but whatever good and truth these systems contain; the Faith being always the criterium of science." Here is the point: unless we embrace an irrational syncretism, which accepts every thing, which can digest contradictions, can be both Christian and materialist, can serve God and mammon, we must, in studying systems of thought, select from each that which we consider to be good and true. This method forces itself upon every one who reads books on philosophy; there can scarcely be a philosopher so absurd, whose writings do not contain some sound principles, some valuable observations, worthy to be treasured up in the memory, and to be built up in our own system of thought. The value, however, not of the method, but of the system which results from this practice, must depend upon the criterium, or principle, which presides over our selection or rejection of the observations submitted to us. He who, with St. Clement, takes the Catholic Faith as the one great

touchstone of all opinions and doctrines, certainly cannot err in any of those regions in which the Catholic Church has an infallible authority; he may make mistakes in history or natural philosophy, but in the higher branches of science, in all that relates to God, the soul, and the creation, he must be secure from the liability to any considerable errors. He will be, if not always exact, at least safe.

With a criterium less sure the eclectic method will be itself less safe, as with a false criterium its result must of course be false. M. Cousin's criterium is, we fear, not only unsafe, but in many instances false. According to him, common sense is the supreme arbiter of all philosophical questions; philosophy has no other aim than to re-establish the first intuitions of common sense, which a sceptical use of the power of reflection brings into a state of dubiousness and uncertainty. The reflective faculty is the theatre of the struggles of reason against doubt, sophism, and error; but above this reflective faculty is a sphere of light and of peace, where the reason has intuition of truth without any reflex action upon itself; simply because truth is truth, and because God has made the soul capable of apprehending it, as He made the eye to see, and the ear to hear. It is this intuitive consciousness of the individual multiplied in mankind in general that constitutes common sense. It is common sense which created languages, creeds, society: it was not grammarians that invented languages, nor legislators that made societies, nor philosophers that established creeds; this was done by no one person in particular, but by every one in general; it was done by the genius of human nature. What, then, it may be asked, is the business of philosophy? It may choose one of two paths: either accept the notions of common sense, clear them, develop, increase, fortify, and express faithfully the deep-seated beliefs of human nature; or, on the other hand, it may start from such and such a principle, impose it on the results of common sense, admit those which are conformable to it, deny the rest, or bend them to an artificial agreement; in a word, make a system.

The practical difficulty appears to us to be this, that philosophy begins and ends with precisely the same terms: it assumes that which it had to prove; it sits in judgment on that which judges it, and gradually gives expression to that criterium, without which not a single step in its progress is valid. Again, the common sense of different ages and peoples is different; a few centuries ago there was as deep-rooted a conviction of the existence and constant agency of angels, devils, fairies, and other spiritual or half-material beings in the material

world, as there is now of the universality of law, and the constancy of forces. To subject philosophy to common sense is to subject it to a variable standard, which it is the very aim of philosophy to criticise and modify. Once more, to make common sense the ultimate criterium is either to establish private judgment, or the supreme authority of a public decision; it is to affirm that God has made man the measure of all things, and that all things are true which mankind without reflection intuitively judge to be so. If common sense had been so certain a criterium, there would have been no need of a philosophy to purify it and to defend it; and if common sense and philosophy combined had been sufficient to give demonstrative evidence to the first principles which the intuition apprehends, there would have been no need of a revelation to set these very principles on the firmer foundation of faith and religious conviction. Because common sense was *not* a sufficient criterium, God gave us a revelation to be so. M. Cousin has spent his life in attempting to set common sense above revelation, and to reduce all human conviction to the chaotic uncertainty of the pagan world. If, by a happy inconsequence, at the close of his career he allows his religion to outweigh his reason, we sincerely congratulate the man, though we cannot follow the arguments of the philosopher.

But in criticising his method we are forgetting the task we have undertaken, namely, to give an account of the book we are reviewing. It consists of three parts, devoted respectively to the ideas of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. The first part starts with psychology, or an analysis of the powers of the soul (the first step in all philosophy according to M. Cousin); then advances to logic, or the laws which regulate the use of these powers; and concludes with metaphysics, which establishes the ontological propositions concerning substance and true-being. The second part develops the idea of the beautiful, which is the foundation of æsthetics. In the third part, M. Cousin considers the idea of the good, which gives rise to personal and political ethics.

In all these subjects M. Cousin follows the same method; beginning from experience, which is the occasion and first step of all our knowledge and feelings, he shows that every experience includes and presupposes principles which cannot be the result of experience. In these three subjects there are universal and necessary principles, which consciousness discovers to us, but which it does not create. They are independent of experience and consciousness, but at the same time they are attested by experience and consciousness. On the one hand, it is in experience that these truths first come

to light; on the other, no experience can explain them. Thus by means of experience we come to find something that transcends experience.

These universal and necessary principles are not in ourselves (so as to be our own creation), nor in things—(for how can universals be totally and entirely in particular things?); therefore in some being above both ourselves and things, namely, in God, who is the Principle of principles, the hidden source of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Such is a general sketch of M. Cousin's book. We will now offer a few remarks on some of its details.

Without pretending to decide what weight such a consideration has had in the formation of M. Cousin's opinions, we cannot help remarking his intense nationality. His chief object seems to be to bring to light a philosophy exclusively French; for which Abelard prepared the ground, Descartes provided the method, Malebranche, Fenelon, Bossuet laboured, and of which M. Cousin has completed the system. So in art; it is French art on which our author is most eloquent in the æsthetical part of his treatise, and for which he seems to have a special predilection.

Again, the lecture on mysticism in the first part can only be received after much explanation and some reservations; in its natural and literal sense it appears to deny the possibility of any direct communication between the soul and God.

But it must be remembered, that M. Cousin is a philosopher, not a theologian; he treats of human nature, not of grace. And certainly any system of philosophy which attributes to human nature the power of apprehending God, the power of lifting itself up from its own order to an order above it, or bringing down God to its own level, deserves a treatment as severe as M. Cousin bestows upon mysticism. Again, M. Cousin's philosophy is psychological; it does not treat about the universality of things, but of the natural powers of the soul. To deny to the soul an inherent natural power of communicating directly with the spiritual world, is not equivalent to denying that the spiritual world may in some cases supernaturally establish a direct communication with individual souls. That which the soul has no natural or ordinary means of compassing may in a supernatural and extraordinary manner be conferred from without upon it.

Two kinds of mysticism are distinguished: one is confounded with quietism, in which God is sought not in the head but in the heart, not in the reason but in the sentiments; which makes virtue, not the courageous perseverance of man in doing good, not the striving after the prize by com-

bating against temptation and suffering, not the free and enlightened devotion of a loving soul, but the entire and blind abandonment of self, of one's will and one's whole being, to a contemplation void of thought, to prayer without words, and almost without consciousness; which puts man's activity to sleep, extinguishes his intellect, and substitutes for the search after truth and the performance of one's duty useless and irregular contemplations. The true union with God, says the author, is by truth and virtue; any other union is but a chimaera, or even a crime. The destruction of the personality, of liberty, consciousness, and reason, is the destruction of humanity. Here our readers will see that M. Cousin has fallen into the same fault with most other philosophers. He forgets that his own process is quite as impotent as that of the quietists to produce any true, *i. e.* supernatural, union of the soul with God. The pretended union with God by means of knowledge is as false, if not as foolish, as that by means of quietistic contemplation. Nothing but a supernatural gift can accomplish that which M. Cousin says may be obtained by natural means.

The second kind of mysticism is that Buddhistic or Brahmanic self-annihilation which was adopted by the neo-Platonists of Alexandria. After reducing God to a pure nonentity by the negation of every determination, even of existence, of every thing but unity; and having thus made Him to be undefinable, unthinkable, unnameable,—they were obliged to devise a new way of communicating with Him; for clearly such a non-being can neither be thought nor loved. To come to God by any ordinary faculty, we must believe that He *is*; and it was just this that Plotinus denied to his deity. He must, therefore, be approached in some extraordinary though natural way; and this way was the neo-Platonic *ecstasy*. The mind goes out of itself, into a state of which it has no consciousness, no memory; which it cannot reflect upon, nor express, nor describe.

M. Cousin here remarks on the fact, that it is in such schools as this that the grossest superstition, that all kinds of theurgic and magical ceremonies have taken their rise. The quintessence of idealism has always been seen side by side with the vilest idolatry, and philosophers have paid the penalty of an unintelligible metaphysic in lending themselves to be the ministers of the most degrading superstitions. So it was at the time of the Reformation, when Paracelsus and Van Helmont reproduced Apollonius and Iamblichus; so it was in the last century, and so it is now, when, as M. Cousin says,

“Young men, who in the morning make light of the most solid

and incontestable proofs of the existence of the soul and of God, propose to me in the evening to make me see otherwise than by the eyes, to make me hear otherwise than by the ears, to make me use all my faculties, but not by their proper organs, and promise me a superhuman knowledge, only on condition that I lose my consciousness, my thought, liberty, memory, all that makes me an intelligent and moral being. Then I am to know all things; but at the price of knowing nothing that I know. I am to be exalted to a world of wonder, which in my waking senses I cannot even conceive, and of which afterwards no recollection will remain to me: a mysticism at once gross and chimerical, which contradicts both psychology and physiology; a foolish trance, a mere repetition of the Alexandrine ecstasy, an extravagance that has not even the merit of novelty, and which history shows us reappearing at every epoch of ambition and impotence."

We apprehend that a philosophy which embraced the totality of things, and did not merely describe the natural powers of the mind, would allow the reality, or at least the possibility, of this ecstasy, provided it was only accounted for supernaturally, as a result of diabolic fraud or possession. But we cannot expect a mere psychologist like M. Cousin to own any thing that he cannot account for by the natural powers of the mind.

Once more, we must own that we cannot reconcile with our common sense the notion that all necessary truths, of whatever order, are in God in such a manner, that he who knows most truth knows most of God. On the other hand, in the natural order, the more easily the universality of truths is apprehended, the more palpably necessary they are, the more remote are they from having any thing divine about them. We cannot in any way bring home to ourselves that the man who knows most about the truths of geometry and arithmetic, of forces and velocities, can in any sense whatever be said to know most of God. God created these truths to be the rules and forms of all intelligence; or rather He created all intelligences such that they can only have experience of phenomena in space and time under these conditions: in contemplating them in their abstract or universal forms, we contemplate the necessary conditions of phenomena; but we in no sense contemplate or increase our knowledge of God. To assert such to be the fact, is either to degrade God to the temporal order, or it is to give a kind of mystical and transcendental power to truths of the natural order, if we make the contemplation and knowledge of them result in any approximation to the knowledge of the supernatural.

Even in the homage which our author renders to Chris-

tianity at the end of his sixteenth lecture, the original weakness of his philosophical system peeps out. Instead of frankly admitting that religion is the mistress of the philosopher as well as of the ignorant crowd, he can only accept her as the instrument by which God wills that the conclusions of philosophy should be disseminated among the thick-headed rustics, whose intelligences are too slow to learn, whose memories are too weak to retain, and whose passions are an immense obstacle to their following, the lessons of the philosophers.

“Let us not hesitate to say it; apart from religion, philosophy, reduced to that which it laboriously deduces from cultivated natural reason, addresses itself to but few, and runs great risk of having no great effect on morals and life; and without philosophy the purest religion is not safe from many a superstition, which gradually estranges the minds of the educated, and so at length causes religion to lose its hold of the rest: such was the case in the eighteenth century.”

These words seem to us merely to mean, that philosophy without religion is only feeble, while religion without philosophy is false;—that religion borrows its truth from philosophy, and philosophy its practical power from religion. However respectful M. Cousin's tone may be, and however enthusiastically he may talk of the Catholic religion and worship, we fear that his principles are as false as ever, and that he is only one more specimen of that numerous class whose hearts are larger than their heads.

Against M. Cousin we do not speak a single word. Happy is the man who is drawn to Christianity by any motives; he who accepts it because it is conformable to his common sense, and because he perceives in it a power which he cannot find in any philosophy, is as good a convert as the man who is attracted by the beauty of the ceremonies, or the awfulness of the historical claims of the Church. Happy the man whose common sense leads him to be a Catholic; but unhappy is that philosopher who teaches his classes that common sense is the criterium of truth, beauty, and goodness; who recommends them to trust the first impressions of their intuition rather than their reason, and who, by generalising the motive, which accidentally leads him aright, into a universal method, provides beforehand the excuse of all those who choose to go wrong. Such, we cannot help thinking, is the case with M. Cousin; and hence, though we read his book with pleasure, we cannot by any means recommend his principles, or allow, as the Louvain publishers have done, that “the genius of the philosopher in the decline of life has done homage to the truth of our faith, and has proclaimed, as a solemn act of re-

paration, in the sight of all France, his respect and admiration for that religion whose beauty and grandeur he had previously misunderstood." The man who as a judge pronounces our religion to be true, can scarcely be said to do homage to it; and though his recantation of his irreligious ideas may be accepted as an act of reparation, it is certainly very imperfect, while he yet reserves to himself the right of testing it by his own criterium.

FREDERICK LUCAS.

1. *The Tablet Newspaper.*
2. *Hansard's Debates.*

THE readers of the *Rambler* will naturally expect from us some notice, however brief, of the position and character of a man like the late Mr. Lucas. We gladly anticipate their wishes, knowing that though it is impossible that all Catholics should agree in their views of a person whose character was so strongly marked as that of the deceased member for Meath, yet few of those whose opinions we most value will substantially dissent from our own estimate of his merits.

The circumstances of the life of Frederick Lucas were in some respects unusual, and in many ways tended to bring out into forcible action the peculiarities of his character both for good and ill. Originally a Quaker, he had scarcely come to maturity when he submitted to the Church, and devoted himself with the whole energies of a most energetic mind to the advancement of the cause of Catholicism. There have been persons who have pretended to have seen in certain actions of his after-life the traces of his former religious opinions, and have publicly attacked him as importing into the bosom of the Church the principles and spirit of the sect in which he was brought up. A more unfounded imputation could scarcely have been made. From the first time that Mr. Lucas's opinions became a matter for public observation, we believe that they have been distinguished by the tone of a most thorough Catholicism. To say, indeed, that his "opinions" were thoroughly Catholic, is far from an adequate account of their nature. He was one of those men with whom unblemished orthodoxy was a kind of *instinct*; the spirit of the Church so completely took possession of his mind, that he at once saw and felt what was really Catholic, and what was questionable or of anti-Catholic tendency, with a keenness and rapidity of perception that

might have been well envied by his detractors. At the same time, it is possible that the early associations and habits formed among a class of men who pride themselves on their bluntness, downrightness, and disregard of the forms and amenities of social life, may have tended to confirm Mr. Lucas in his excessive value for the more violent and personal weapons of religious and political controversy. Every man sets an especial value on one or more of the many instruments of intellectual warfare; and it is no great disparagement to the mind of Mr. Lucas to think that an education among a sect which in its quiet way is one of the most pugnacious in the world, should have confirmed him in his natural tendency to over-value the more aggressive weapons of discussion.

From his earliest appearance in the arena of public life, Mr. Lucas's mind was fixed on the necessity of the reformation of certain defects in the Catholic body of this kingdom. There are many Catholics, both those brought up in the Church and those who were brought up Protestants, whose great aim it is to propagate the faith among those who reject it, as the one chief object of their desires, and as the *first* thing to be thought of for the glory of God. Others, with whom we ourselves most sympathise, consider that this latter course is a beginning at the wrong end. Their first thought is for Catholics; their second for Protestants. They conceive that as it is the first duty of every man to begin with his own reformation, and as it is preposterous for a father to neglect his children for the sake of strangers, so it is our duty to strain every nerve to place affairs on a satisfactory footing within our own body, before we expend any large amount of labour or money on those who are without.

To the correction, then, of one dominant and most pernicious evil Mr. Lucas devoted himself from the first with untiring energies. When he entered public life as a journalist, the ordinary tone of Catholic opinion in this country was not what it is now. Catholic emancipation had admitted us into Parliament; but it had not yet made men of us. It had given us leave to talk in the Houses of Lords and Commons, but it had not taught us to think and speak as bold-hearted courageous *Catholics*; as men whose strength and whose glory before their fellow-countrymen was in their faith, and not in the patronage of the world, whether in the shape of the temporal power or the sham liberality of heresy itself. When a prisoner has been shut up for years in a gaol, however innocent of all crime, and however bold and noble-minded he had been in his state of freedom, the influence of prison-bars, and bolts, and chains, and the cowardly cruelty of his

gaolers, usually so deeply affect his character, that when at last he goes forth a liberated captive, he hardly knows how to use his rights, and is almost ashamed in the presence of his companions. So it was with too many of us, after our centuries of wrong. We actually stood trembling in the presence of Englishmen and Irishmen, as if we owed them an apology for being Catholics. We petitioned humbly for social and political toleration, where we ought to have simply claimed our indefeasible rights. We fancied that all evils were to be cured by the worship of coronets, and titles, and prime-ministers; that Catholics could do nothing unless led on by a duke, or a baronet, or a man with ten thousand a year; and that the only way to deal with Protestants was to blarney them largely as "our separated brethren," to think only of avoiding what would affront them, and put our principles in our pockets to the utmost possible extent short of a denial of our religion.

Upon a mind like that of Mr. Lucas this traditionary policy struck with intolerable offensiveness. As a clear-sighted Catholic he saw its fatal erroneousness, viewed merely as a matter of policy, to say nothing of the insult which such a system offers to Almighty God; and as a man, it roused all his native independence of spirit, and kindled an indignation in which every generous mind will sympathise with him. To oppose this truckling and time-serving policy, and to awaken his brother Catholics to a sense of the true dignity of their position, he devoted all his capacities and acquirements; with what success the changed tone of the Catholic mind in such matters is sufficient indication. In the course of many years' editorship of the *Tablet* newspaper, and the carrying forward sundry political movements of different kinds, it is evident that the main aim of his mind was to arouse his fellow-Catholics to think and act in the public affairs of life *as Catholics*; to trust to themselves, and not to false friends, or to enemies half-appeased. In saying this, we have no desire to justify or to palliate sundry extravagances of language and violent personalities in which Mr. Lucas indulged from time to time. Nor do we by any means think that the means which he would have seen adopted by others were always wise, and calculated for the furtherance of his object. So far from it, we think that his personalities, and his exclusive devotion to the plan of attacking every body from whom he dissented, very materially diminished the good he might have done. Still, on the whole, he exercised an influence abounding with positive and deeply-seated good. His influence by degrees became more and more felt in every part of the Catholic body.

Among the more aristocratic and wealthy portions it was naturally longer in obtaining an entrance than among the clergy and among the middle and lower classes. Nevertheless, it soon began to find its way into circles where such an influence had long been unknown; and at the present time the list of titled and wealthy Catholics numbers not a few who would be foremost to proclaim the advantages which we have derived from Mr. Lucas's powers, and—oh! unheard-of thing in past generations!—account it an honour to themselves to rank among the admirers of an ex-Quaker journalist.

In forming, at the same time, an estimate of Mr. Lucas's character as a public writer and speaker, it must be borne in mind that the peculiar tone of his writings and speeches was the result of distinct principle, rather than of temper and feeling. The latter no doubt had something to do with it; for it is scarcely possible for any man to act habitually on a system which is directly at variance with his inclinations, whether natural or acquired. Still, the fact with Mr. Lucas was, that he regarded the conflict of opinion as a soldier looks upon war, in which every man's object is to injure his adversary to the utmost possible extent, in every possible way that the laws of honourable warfare permit. His theory was this: "Of course I think myself right—every body does the same; consequently, my object is to induce others to think as I do, and to act as I conscientiously believe it is right or desirable that they should act for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-creatures. In doing this, it is necessary that I should diminish to the utmost possible extent, by lawful means, the influence of those who take opposite views from myself, or, in other words, views which I think mistaken and hurtful. The best way of diminishing that influence is to attack them with incessant force and vehemence, to damage their public characters, to bring forward nothing of what can be said on their side, to give them no unnecessary credit for good motives, and to continue these repeated onslaughts until every body laughs at, scorns, and abominates them; in short, to do what a barrister does in a court of law, namely, *damage* the side opposed to himself, and leave it to his antagonist to make the best defence he can." This was Mr. Lucas's theory of journalising and speech-making; and it not only explains sundry peculiarities which some persons have found it difficult to reconcile with a belief in his religious sincerity, but it accounts for the discrepancy which was often found between the tone of his private conversation and of his public performances. Men accustomed to the fiery onslaughts and merciless

personalities of the *Tablet* were amazed when they met in the writer of these savage articles a gentleman of calm self-possession, modest manners, amiable and genial friendliness, and a general cast of opinion in which good sense and candour were strikingly combined with originality of thought and acuteness of perception.

That Mr. Lucas's controversial system was a mistake we have ourselves no doubt whatever. It was based on a partial knowledge of human nature. Even the most accomplished minds are not without their defects; and it was a flaw in his intellect that he could not recognise the full importance of the great truth that men will not be *driven* into acquiescence with our opinions. His character was too gladiatorial and warlike to exercise all the influence it might otherwise have exercised on *minds*. He would have been more successful as a general than as a journalist. With his usual appreciation of the humorous, he would have laughed heartily at the remonstrance of the unlucky wight in the play—

“Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love;
But why should you kick me downstairs?”

Yet he would have straightway gone on to repeat the demolition of an opponent till all the lookers-on were weary of the sight, and gave the victor the credit of being a savage-minded, ill-tempered, vindictive, and scarcely Christian man. We take it, on the contrary, as the right rule in controversy, that an opponent should always have the benefit of every doubt in his favour. Of course, this has nothing to do with our private opinions of him. We speak only of what is desirable as a matter of policy, and with the view of propagating one's own views and getting others to act with us, or as we wish them to act. It is wiser to treat a man as better than we believe him to be than as worse. The opposite system both irritates an opponent, and prejudices the looker-on against ourselves and in his favour. And as the aim of every sincere and religious man is not to irritate an adversary, but to convince him, or at least to prevent his injurious influence with others, we hold that every prudent polemic will beware of neutralising the force of his blows by any appearance of temper or needless violence. Mr. Lucas's view was different. He could not “damn with faint praise;” he could not make a man his friend even while he resisted him; he could not show on paper the real goodness, kindness, and sincerity of his own heart. The result was, that he affronted a most unnecessary number of well-disposed, honourable minds, alienated from his cause many who would have been most useful friends, and conferred

on sundry worthless opponents an appearance of injured innocence, as the victims of party spite and personal antipathies.

Mr. Lucas's career in parliament was in striking harmony with this explanation of his principles of controversy. When he went into the Commons, he knew well that the House would not stand the sort of thing to which he had accustomed the readers of the *Tablet* and the crowds who had listened to his speeches on the hustings and elsewhere. He formed a theory as to what ought to be the conduct of a Member of Parliament who wished to establish a practical influence as a speaker, and with a characteristic mixture of egotism and simplicity he expounded it at full length in the *Tablet*. With equally characteristic determination he acted on his view, and achieved a success which was undoubtedly unprecedented among Catholic members, and as far as we can recal, unprecedented for rapidity and decisiveness among any members for the last century. He presented himself under every disadvantage, with the exception of the fact that he was suspected to be an able man. He had been a Quaker; he was a Catholic; he was the editor of a Dublin newspaper; he was returned by an Irish constituency; and he was known to be supported by many of the Irish priesthood. He presented himself, moreover, as a *Catholic* member; not as Whig, Tory, ministerialist, or place-hunter, but as a Catholic; whose avowed object was the advancement of Catholic interests, and whose private life, so far as any thing was known of it, was in accordance with his professions; as a man, in fact, whose religion was not only on his tongue,—or rather in his head, as an element in the huckstering of the political market,—but in his convictions and in his heart. Other Catholic members before his time had been men of great capacity, and in one instance of extraordinary oratorical powers; others had been independent of party; others had been well known as devout Catholics in private life. Still, on the whole, Mr. Lucas united in himself an almost unprecedented combination of those elements which are distasteful to the haughty, cold, prejudiced, and Protestant Parliament of the United Kingdom. Nevertheless, so well did he know his audience, so cautious was he of needlessly affronting their *amour propre*, so manifestly was he in earnest beyond the standard of House-of-Commons earnestness, and so solid and accurate was the substance of his speeches, that in a very short time he had attained a position in the House which any member might have envied. He was not only listened to and respected, he was usually replied to by a cabinet-minister; and not long ago a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, that organ of all that is anti-Catholic, anti-Irish, and anti-popular, in an

article on the House of Commons, named him as one of the very few speakers whom it was a relief to hear in the midst of the dulness of the house.

To this success we think his manner of speaking contributed, as well as the matter of his speeches. There was something in his personal appearance which was far from unattractive to a body constituted like the House of Commons. Except for the very manifest presence of a large quantity of brain in his head, he might have stood forth as the representative of the "agricultural mind." Tall, muscular, fair, and of an open countenance; quiet, self-possessed, and undeniably "plucky,"—he was just the sort of man whom a tolerably honest English audience love to hear, because they know that he is not afraid of them, and without insulting them will maintain his ground, and if needs be defy them to put him down. For ourselves, we always anticipated a success for Mr. Lucas in the House of Commons, provided only he would abstain from those fiery personalities and that profuse use of hard words which deformed so many of his writings and nearly all his speeches to popular assemblages. He did abstain, and his success was proportionate.

Of his connection with the "Tenant League" we need say but little. In our judgment, it was a mistake. Whether the bills they proposed to pass were in the abstract desirable or no, it is certain that they never *could* pass; and we hold it to be an axiom in political life, that a man should never throw all his energies, and almost pledge his reputation, in order to carry a measure which cannot possibly be really carried. It requires no little skill to carry out a system of "feints" and "stratagems" in actual war. A sham attack may prove more disastrous to the assailants than a defeat in a seriously meant conflict; and it is the same in politics. O'Connell's repeal agitation did him immense damage as a political leader. He was not accounted sincere in his professions about repeal. Without calling him dishonest, morally speaking, people looked upon his demand for repeal as a *ruse*, a sham, an artifice for obtaining something else. They believed it impossible that so acute, sensible, and well-informed a man as O'Connell could either desire repeal, or believe in the feasibility of obtaining it. Shallow people, accordingly, thought him an incendiary or a humbug; those more versed in political ways held that he was playing a part, perfectly justifiable, speaking morally, but mistaken as a matter of judgment.

We think much the same of Mr. Lucas's pledging himself to the schemes of the Tenant League. It seems scarcely credible that he could have imagined it possible to carry the bill,

to which in its completeness he so solemnly and repeatedly bound himself, and on whose success he was willing to risk his reputation. If he did not take up the affair as a feint and a sham, this must have been from his habitual over-estimate of the efficacy of mere vehemence and energy in compelling the acquiescence of mankind. One of the greatest of French statesmen of former days was once asked how it was that he invariably succeeded in whatever he undertook. "By always calculating the resistance I shall meet with," was his answer. This was precisely the point in which we think Mr. Lucas erred in his judgment of men and things. He under-estimated, we suspect, the resistance he would meet with. He underrated the strength of other people's convictions, and the difference of the lights in which the same thing appears to different minds. As with all men of ardent and enthusiastic temperament and sincerity of purpose, his own views appeared to him so clearly right, that however fair and candid was his general character, the moment he was deeply interested in any practical question, that moment it became difficult for him to do justice to the capacity, the sincerity, or the knowledge of those who took an opposite view. This is a very different thing from that general one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness which belong to the shallow, the weak, and the ignorant. It is the result of an ardour of disposition which makes us so keenly interested in what we think right, that our eyes become dazzled by the brightness of the arguments on which we base our own opinions, and we cannot recognise the comparative clearness of those which tell against us. So far from imputing to Mr. Lucas a general one-sidedness and narrowness of mind, we think that his mind was pre-eminently free from these pernicious faults, until he was pledged to action, and hurried into the excitement of energetic contest.

It was to this feature in his character that we attribute his undertaking his mission to Rome. Nobody likes to speculate rashly on the probable decision of the Holy See in the matters which are brought before it; but there certainly did seem obstacles to the success of that mission which might well have made Mr. Lucas pause before he threw himself into it, and sacrificed so much at home for its sake. Even supposing he could entertain no doubt as to the wisdom of the steps which he was desirous of inducing the Holy See to take, it is strange that he should have supposed that the *chance* of success was such as to warrant what he gave up for it, and reconcile him to the extremely delicate position in which it placed him as a Catholic with reference to so many of the Bishops

and clergy of Ireland. It is probable that the results of the recent appeal of the editors of the *Univers* against the decree of the Archbishop of Paris may have induced Mr. Lucas to do what some might consider the very thing that M. Veuillot had done before him. If the Pope was willing to call upon the Archbishop of Paris to withdraw his censure of the *Univers*, why should not his Holiness desire an Irish Bishop to allow his clergy to go to public political gatherings? It is easy to see how this fallacy, transparent as it is to the looker-on, might have imposed upon the judgment of persons already excited by the violence of party agitation, and engaged in personal recriminations of the most acrimonious severity. It may be said, that we are predetermining the decision of the Holy See in these very remarks; for that it has not decided against Mr. Lucas. But it must be remembered, that a non-decision in favour of his cause is equivalent to a refusal to interfere, and to allow things to take their course; in other words, the mission has not succeeded. That the Holy See would ever have determined any thing against Mr. Lucas personally, we do not for an instant believe. His character was too high and too well known, and his services to religion were too decided to allow of his meeting with any thing but cordiality and courtesy. It appears to us, that even if Mr. Lucas had lived, the affair would have been allowed intentionally to die out, as it certainly will die out now that the master-spirit of the movement is gone to his rest.

Regarding the appeal to Rome merely on its own merits, we cannot say that we wished it success. With a sincere respect for the judgment of those who view the subject differently, it appears to us that an ecclesiastic who adopts that species of public political life which Mr. Lucas advocated falls into a serious error, unless in circumstances of a much more exceptional character than those of Ireland have yet been shown to be. Not that we in the smallest degree are of the opinion that the priesthood should not exercise any political influence, whether in turning an election or otherwise. Far from it; it is often eminently desirable that they should both possess and use a political influence to the utmost extent that Mr. Lucas and his friends demanded. What we hold is, in the first place, that this influence is not worth having, if it is purchased at the cost of any of the essential attributes of the Christian priesthood; and in the second place, that a very large amount of such influence can be exercised by the clergy without any thing in the shape of "altar-denunciations" or fiery harangues.

Public political action, moreover, is totally unnecessary in

order to enable the priesthood to exercise their influence on their flocks in political matters. As we have implied, we hold the priesthood to be, in many cases, the natural and proper advisers of the poor and ill-informed in such subjects. We hold that a priest is more than justifiable, who guides his flock in elections, and other such cases in which really they are quite unfit to guide themselves. But this can be done with perfect efficacy in private. Who does not know that nine-tenths of men's actions are determined by what is said in conversation, and not by what is said in public? Five words in a private room, uttered in a quiet, friendly, pastoral way, would do more to influence the votes of an elector, in almost all cases, than all the inflammatory harangues that were ever uttered on a platform or at a public dinner.

In remarking, then, on the influence of Mr. Lucas's career on the Catholic body, it certainly appears to us that in this respect he fell into a serious error; and that his system tended to produce alienations among the clergy themselves, and between the clergy and the laity, to a degree quite needless and very much to be lamented. It was the effect of what we have already pointed out as a fault in his ideas of human nature. It sprang from the exaggerated value which he placed upon mere vehemence of language and strenuousness of opposition.

Of Mr. Lucas's general acquirements, and of the non-political capacities of his mind, the public had not opportunities for knowing much. He wrote, however, occasional papers in the *Tablet* which gave tokens of powers fully equal, at the least, to those which he showed as a journalist. For ourselves, we look upon his intellect as one of a very high order; large in its range, cordial in its sympathies, rapid in its powers of acquisition, clear and sound in its methodising and organising faculties. Whatever he touched upon, he showed indications of that peculiar species of *power* which amounts to genius, and which is only the attribute of minds much above the ordinary run. He would have made a very able lawyer, general officer, or theologian; indeed, we question whether he would not have been more successful as any one of these three than he was as a political writer and speaker. The readers of the *Tablet* will easily call to mind two articles in particular, which indicated remarkable capacities and knowledge in the barrister-editor of a newspaper. One of these was on the Defences of the Country, at the time when all the world was agog about a French invasion;—the other was on the Lives of the Saints, in connection with a certain attack made by the editor of a magazine on one of the series of Saints' lives published by Father Faber.

Few persons, probably, thought at the time that the latter article was from Mr. Lucas's pen. It showed not only that instinctive discernment of the true character of Catholic orthodoxy which from the first was a feature in his mind, but a power of reasoning and a felicity of statement evidently qualifying him to write as a theologian, both for the schools and for the popular reader.

Such, in our ideas, was the remarkable man whose career has been closed at the early age of forty-three. His friends, and they are many—very many, for a public man—have the consolation of reflecting that, taken altogether, he has exercised an influence on his fellow-Catholics at once healthy and enduring. The effects of the less satisfactory parts of his character were far from approaching, much less from counterbalancing, the good which he accomplished. And the good he has done is not such as will pass away with himself. His influence was not that of the talker and the rhetorician, the showy exhibitor of his own skill, or the idol of a silly and applauding crowd. We do not like to run the hazard of an over-statement; but it certainly does appear to us, looking back upon the past, and viewing our departed fellow-Catholics as Catholics, that no man has gone to his rest *leaving his mark* so deeply imprinted upon the Catholic mind as Frederick Lucas since the days of Dr. Milner.

BAILEY'S MYSTIC.

The Mystic, and other Poems. By Philip James Bailey, author of *Festus*. London, Chapman and Hall.

THERE is one characteristic of great poets which has too much escaped the attention of modern critics, and has usually not been the aim of modern writers of poetry;—the ancient poet was also a *vates*, or prophet. His declarations were received as authoritative; philosophers quoted his sentences as divines now quote texts of Scripture; and Aristotle would often clench an argument by citing a verse of Homer. The *vates* was something more than a word-jeweller, a coiner of beautiful sayings, or an inventor of striking similes; still less was he merely a man of rhythm, a word-musician, a swan, or an articulating fiddle;—he was the wise man, the interpreter of the gods, the medium of their communication with man. He was supposed to have an insight into the causes of things; and he spoke about mysteries familiarly, not with the systematic

classification of the philosopher, who was obliged to use logic and dialectic as the instruments of investigation, because he had no intuitive vision, no eyes for the invisible. That which is always before us, we allude to familiarly; that of which we can only have momentary glimpses, we try to fix in our minds by description. The poet spoke as one habitually living in another world; and the people listened to him as the interpreter of nature, and the revealer of mysteries. To our minds this is one of the most decisive tests of the real poet; he must be a quotable authority; he must furnish proverbial expressions, terse and true sayings, which all men at once acknowledge to be the real solution of the point in question, which they must feel to be not only beautiful but also true. He is the true *vates* who reveals the causes of things. But his vaticination is not true poetry if the causes he assigns are merely mathematical or material; dead and dry science can never rise to poetic life.

This is why civilisation is so inimical to genuine poetry. When we ask the explanation of the steam-engine, of the earthquake, of the motions of the planet, we want to know the direct material agent; but in the infancy of culture the people attribute personal causes to all phenomena. The thunder is the voice of Jupiter or Thor; the wind the breath of Æolus, or the agitation of the wings of the frost-giant. And the poet-prophet, who taught the people this theory of meteorology was the scientific man of his day, the philosopher who was supposed to be conversant with what he talked about.

What, then, is the vocation of the modern poet? Mathematics and chemistry are out of his sphere; Jupiter and Thor, Æolus and the frost-giants, are mere conventionalities, reminiscences of the scholar; and when seriously introduced, mere affectations. Homer, in his simplicity, referred all phenomena to personal agents, and is sublime; Shelley strained after the personification of the most impersonal and vague objects, and verged on the nonsensical. Poetry was at first a lesson on the causes of things; the poet was the guide of life and of knowledge; simple in his dignity, he did not strain after artificial grandeur, but narrated the homely or the absurd with as much seriousness as the sublime or the pathetic. Now the poet has either to confine himself to descriptions of scenery, to pathetic histories, or the excitement of passion and feeling; or if he strives to sit in the seat of the ancient *vates*, he has to enunciate what neither he nor his hearers believe, and to make up by grimaces and contortions for his lack of more legitimate means of guiding them. His "utterances" bear the same relation to true poetry as the double-stopping of the last flute-

Next, after millions of years of transmigration through vegetable and animal forms, he re-appears as a Brahmin on the banks of the Ganges. The moral he draws from this religion is more practical :

Dissatisfied till all being is re-absorbed in God.

— “Sinned
In virtue of his nature, and sought earth ;
For sin is nature.”

“That blessed secret, unitive and divine,
The totalising wisdom of all creeds,
The faith eternal and entire,”

1. " Good begets evil, evil brings forth good
In blest regeneration :
2. and that God
Who all creates, all saves, all sanctifies.
3. Man in himself both sacred and profane."

With regard to the other characteristics by which we test a poet,—the felicity of occasional expressions, the melody of individual lines, or the grandeur of detached thoughts,—we are disposed to assign Mr. Bailey a rather high rank. But we should like to see his power employed in translating the obscure philosophy of Dante, rather than in attempting to give poetical expression to the unintelligible jargon and hopeless mysticism of the old pagan systems.

“Cling round his heart, and sanctify (?) his soul.”

We quote the following as specimens of his style :

“ Rapt to the breast of fontal Deity
 Divine embraces there received he, both
 Adoring and adored, by Gods themselves
 Worshipped and men, he moved felicitous ;
 The radiant serpent nestling in his breast
 And twining round his waist, caducean. Thence
 Regenerate, and divergent weal and bale,
 Bound to the sovran sceptre still of power,
 In the necessitous knot of life and love
 Assigning, godlike, to the universe,
 Consociate of divinity, he viewed,
 With starry and all-sympathising eye,
 The sublunary realms of deathly life ;
 Felt the assimilant influences of heaven
 Flash through his soul with lightning joy, and meet
 Reply in earth-born fulminations made ;
 Saw the precontenance of the whole by God
 Within Himself, and ebb of Being's sea.

Blessed with all visions holy and divine,
 Communion holding only with the wise,
 Silent in light (the radiant lizard loves
 And lives in light, himself all constellate)
 With Truth he joyed (as when the moon, disguised
 Like naked nymph, her limbs of light revealed
 To him, enamoured, on the Latmian hill,
 Whose touch was inspiration, whose embrace
 Deific, seemed absorption into heaven) ;
 Abstinent of all matter, every cause
 Of mental perturbation, base desire,
 Eradicate and razed, the lunar ark
 Of pure regeneration awed he viewed ;
 Beheld *the eternal husbandman of heaven,*
Who sowed with star-seed all the wilds of space,
Scattering the worlds broad-cast upon his way :
 And to that tilth celestial set his hand.

* * * *

Beside

The stream that through the midst the beauteous isle
 Disparts, tree hid, tree hight (where haply once
 The tyrant lion of some cavernous land
 To lesser brutes his deathful law dispensed ;
 Or with the jungle monarch, ivory-tusked,
 Held thunderous parley by the tidal swamp),
 Or where the wave, prophetic and divine,
 From Bala pours ; or on the far-off coasts
 Of sacred isle, where lunar mysteries
 Are solemnised, as erst, and consummate ;
 Or 'mid rude dwellings, once the abode of gods
 Of hostile faiths, he lowly dwelled, and learned
 On his cold knee, before white-bearded Eld,
 From Truth's pale lips her everlasting lay,
 And deepest, pithiest lore. For thrice nine years,
 Through fits of silence, lonesness, fasting, toil,

He fought the foe of spirit and subdued.
 The thrice-thinned juices of the all-healing plant,
 With moon-dews mingled and eye-brightening charms
 The unseen to see, himself invisible ;
 Honey, and berries red of the eerie wood,
 Oakcorns and apples, roots and wheaten cates,
 His fare and bever formed for twice an age,
 With amber-flowing mead at moonéd feasts."

The second poem commences with a poetical version of the gnostic cosmogony of Basilides. It soon becomes a mere catalogue of the great objects of nature—mountains, seas, rivers, trees, and animals. A great poet can make much out of a catalogue of names; omitting Homer's list of ships, which, however interesting to a Greek or to an antiquarian, we must confess is tedious to read, what can be more sublime than the passage where, by a simple catalogue of places, the prophet Isaias paints the rapid advance of the Assyrian against Jerusalem, and his failure before its walls?

"He is come to Aiath; he has passed to Migron;
 At Michmas he will leave his baggage;
 They have passed the strait; Geba is their lodging for the night;
 Ramah is frightened; Gibeah of Saul fleeth;
 Cry aloud with thy voice, O daughter of Gallim;
 Harken to her, O Laish; answer her, O Anathoth;
 Madmena is gone away; the inhabitants of Gebim flee again;
 Yet this day shall he abide in Nob;
 He shall shake his hand against the mount of the daughter of
 Sion,
 Against the hill of Jerusalem:—
 Behold the Lord, the Lord of hosts, shall lop the branch with
 a dreadful crash;
 And the high one shall be cut down, and the lofty one shall be
 brought low."

To our minds this gradual rise to the climax—this hasty passing of the poet from point to point, painting the triumphant march of the army, which is hurrying like a rapid to the precipice, this gradual *crescendo*, up to the final crash of the catastrophe, is inexpressibly sublime. Something of the same feeling is excited when we read of the leaps of the beacon-fires that announced the fall of Troy to Clytemnestra, in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus; and to these we may add certain passages in Milton and Sir Walter Scott, which we cannot now particularise. But all these catalogues, as far as they are worth any thing, have one peculiarity—each name is a step in the progress to a climax. They are not a mere statistical list, like the index of a book of geography or natural history, but they are like the accented notes of a melody, each new name marking the introduction of a fresh phrase, adding

fresh strength to the rhythm, till the crash comes, and the chorus bursts forth to celebrate the destruction of the Assyrian or the fall of Troy.

Mr. Bailey's catalogues, on the contrary, have nothing of this. It is all plain-sailing upon a smooth sea; there is neither *crescendo* nor *diminuendo* in his music. When he has found a suitable epithet, or a convenient paraphrase, or a striking characteristic to attach to each name, he thinks he has done all that is required. There is no arrangement, nor can there be; there is no particular reason why any one thing should be named before any other. His lists are like those sheets of waltzes and polkas which consist of detached bars, any one of which may be played before or after any other. No one can call such a jingle music, however faultless the individual bars may be; and no one, we think, can call Mr. Bailey's catalogues poetry, in spite of *recherché* expressions, Miltonic inversions, and gorgeous epithets.

After the catalogues there comes a panegyric of love, the only divine gift which the envy of the demiurgic angels has not been able to filch from men. We would quote the passage for its poetry, if we were not so bored by the fashionable philosophy which makes marriage the sole end of man, and the love of the sexes the only means for the purification and the exaltation of the character: our *vates* stoops to inculcate this sentimental nonsense.

The last poem, the fairy tale, is pretty enough, and delightfully easy reading after the tough fibre of the rest of the book; but it is quite an ordinary production, and calls for no particular remark. On the whole, Mr. Bailey's book does not appeal to the lovers of poetry as such, but to that strange curiosity about all things magical and demoniacal which is so remarkable a characteristic of the present day.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

An easy Demonstration and Catechism of Religion. Adapted for Children. Translated from the Spanish of the Rev. J. Balmez, by the Rev. J. Norris. (London, Burns and Lambert.) Mr. Norris has conferred a boon on all who have any thing to do with the instruction of the unlearned in translating this "Demonstration of Religion." It bears the marks of the hand of its accomplished and thoughtful author; and we recommend it generally, as being what Balmez intended it to be,

an aid to the knowledge of the *foundation* of the truths taught in ordinary catechisms. The title says that it is "adapted for children;" but it is rather for young people, or at least for children of not very immature years.

Meteorological Essays. By François Arago. With an Introduction by Baron A. von Humboldt. Translated under the superintendence of Colonel Sabine. (London, Longmans.) This book forms the first volume of an intended translation of all the principal works of Arago. However much we hate his religious principles, and despise his political wisdom, we cannot do less than own that in literature he holds a very distinguished place. His autobiographical memoirs, and his panegyrics of deceased members of the Academy, are in their way models of writing; and his scientific works, though a little diffuse, are so clear as almost to require no preliminary knowledge on the part of the reader, but to carry him into the midst of the most difficult subjects by the plain paths of common sense. This volume contains a most interesting Baconic History of Thunder and Lightning; with four other essays—on Electro-Magnetism, on Animal Electricity (with a chapter on Table-turning), on Terrestrial Magnetism, and on the Aurora Borealis. We shall one day return to this writer, when his literary memoirs are published.

Enchiridion Symbolorum et Definitionum, &c.—Handbook of Creeds and of Definitions of Points of Faith and Morals which have been published by General Councils or Popes. Edited by Dr. H. Denzinger. (Wirceburgi, sumptibus Stahelianis, 1854.) It is sufficient to transcribe the title of this useful little book, to show how necessary it is for every student of theology. In about 500 pages we have all the authoritative definitions of the Church, all the documents of positive theology, with a copious index, arranged in the order of subjects. As a book of reference, or as a text-book for lectures, it appears to us invaluable.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Amusing Library. (Lambert, London; Menzies, Edinburgh.) *Tales and Romances of Hendrik Conscience.* (1. *The Curse of the Village, and the Happiness of being Rich.* 2. *The Lion of Flanders, or the Battle of the Golden Spurs: a Historical Romance.* 3. *Veva, or the War of the Peasants: a Historical Tale of the Eighteenth Century.* 4. *Tales of Old Flanders.* 5. *The Miser, and Ricketicketack.*) *Grantley Manor,* by Lady G. Fullerton. *Tales of Humour; Romantic Tales of Great Men; Tales of Paris; Tales of France.* Of these volumes we can truly say, that they satisfactorily fulfil the object set forth in the announcement of the series, viz. "to provide books of light reading entirely free from objectionable matter, and which may be indiscriminately used by young and old." So far, indeed, as our experience extends, we can accord to them more than this negative praise, and say, that they are remarkable for purity of sentiment and elevation of tone, while they contain nothing whatever contrary to faith or morals. From Hendrik Conscience we should, of course, expect nothing less; for his works are characterised as much by chasteness and delicacy of thought, and by an unaffected—we might almost say unconscious—strain of genuine piety, as by simplicity of style; but the remark applies to all the volumes without distinction, although we may instance in particular, as having a historical foundation, *Romantic Tales of Great Men*, with which we

have been especially charmed; and, on account of their title, *Tales of Humour*, which we can assure our younger readers faithfully answer to their description. The *Amusing Library*, we believe, is intended to comprise a selection of the best imaginative writings of other countries, as well as original tales and reprints of home authors. Of the latter, Lady G. Fullerton has contributed her beautiful novel of *Grantley Manor*, which may now, therefore, be had for half-a-crown; and of foreign authors, we are glad to receive from M. Conscience the first-fruits of the recent copyright treaty between England and Belgium, in the shape of his two delicious tales of *The Curse of the Village* and *The Happiness of being Rich*. The *Lion of Flanders* and *Vera* are in the exactest sense of the term *historical* compositions, being, as the editor of the first well observes in his preface, "not simply romances founded on history, in which the historical event is but a thread on which the incidents of love and adventure, which are the real story, are strung, but portions of real history, chosen for a definite end." The events are not merely such as might have occurred, but positively did occur as narrated. We must add one word more of commendation, and this not a slight one in our eyes, that these translations, retaining withal the sprightliness and *naïveté* of the original, read like native productions, so free and flowing and idiomatic is the language in which they are rendered for the English public. The volumes are printed on good paper and in clear bold type, and are done up in ornamental wrappers, in a style far superior to that of common railway literature. As the season of Christmas-presents is coming, and considering the importance we attach to supplying the youth of our country with works of fiction of a really sound and healthy character, we cannot refrain from cordially recommending this series to all purchasers of entertaining and at the same time instructive literature.

Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) Messrs. Maurice, Kingsley, Trench, and others, delivered these lectures because the promoters of the College for Working Men were brought to think that there should also be a college in which ladies might obtain hints respecting the principles and method of teaching. The lectures are generally devoted to subjects connected rather with teaching the poor, with poor-laws, and sanitary commissions, than with the home-occupations of ladies. Nevertheless, the whole subject, here loosely and imperfectly treated, is worthy all a Catholic's attention. No one can deny that we are badly off for home-governesses; the power to teach must come to them by instinct, or it does not come at all; we have no institution where young ladies can be initiated into the system of teaching. In France, they go through a course of studies for this particular object, and those who pass the examination receive a regular certificate of capability; and, in general, ladies holding this certificate are admirably fitted for their profession. But here in England young ladies have no such advantages; and whatever may be their knowledge, they will certainly soon be distanced as teachers by the certificated mistresses and pupil-teachers of our poor-schools, who are so adroit in the mechanism of imparting knowledge. We therefore recommend those whom it may concern to consider Mr. Maurice's plan of a female college for the help of the rich and the poor.

Waikna: Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. By J. A. Bard. (New York, Harper; London, Low.) The sixty illustrations of *Waikna* are beautiful, and, together with the generic sketches of life on the Mosquito coast, are evidently truthful; but the special adventures are probably unmingled fable. Not only has a rival author written to a contemporary

to claim the chief incident as his own property, stolen from a forgotten romance, but the ends which Mr. Bard proposes to himself in his manufacture of adventures are perfectly transparent. These are, to depreciate English rule; to exhibit the negroes as an inferior species of men, of a nature far lower than that of the American Indians; and to furnish examples of the magic crystals and the prophetic mediums which the two millions of American spiritualists will eagerly add to their list of testimonies. Scouted in civilised society, these people do well to prepare a refuge for their superstitions in the midst of savages. The book is well written and very interesting; but we object to books of travel in which it is impossible to discern the line between truth and fiction.

My Exile in Siberia. By Alexander Herzen. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) M. Herzen is a Russian socialist author, who, having been silenced in his own country, in Germany, and in France, has done England the honour of establishing himself, with a Russian free press, in London, from whence he attempts to inundate the dominions of the czar with his writings. We do not carry our hostility to Russia to such an extent as to wish M. Herzen the slightest success in his undertaking. The present volumes show a great deal of talent, and present a highly-coloured picture of a certain phase of Russian official life. As we feel no more confidence in the veracity of M. Herzen than we do in that of Mr. Bard, we decline to draw any conclusions from the premises which he proposes to us. The book is not well translated.

Beaten Paths from Boulogne to Babelmandeb. By E. Sullivan. (London, Saunders and Otley.) To judge from Mr. Sullivan's bigotry and bombast, we suppose he is an Irish Orangeman. We have seen a few clever remarks in his little volume; but who would read a book through which abounds in sentiments as misty as the following reflection on Parisian society? "The tens of thousands that in health and strength tread the primrose path, care little that the bright bubble which, varying with prismatic hues, laughs and entices to quaff deep of the nepenthean draught that pleasure offers, shall burst for them as it has done for thousands who in sorrow and disappointment surround them."

The Battle-day, and other Poems. By Ernest Jones. (London, Routledge.) Mr. Jones, the Chartist, is evidently a blighted being. He has talked to the people, and they will not hear; now he pipes to them, and we do not think they will dance to his shrill discords. "'Tis true," he cries bitterly—

" 'Tis true at times the multitude
Is harsh, and turbulent, and rude;
And, troubled by a fierce unrest,
Insult the man who loves them best. . . ."

But Mr. Poplicola Philodemus Jones is not to be beaten—

"What! do the prophets cease to preach,
Because the ignorant they teach?
No! but with truth they meet reviling,
Curses with prayers, and frowns with smiling," &c.

We do not know what Mr. Jones's idea of "reviling," "curses," and "frowns" may be; but certainly what he would call his "truth," his "prayers," and his "smiling," are more bitter and rabid than the fiercest denunciations of the hypochondriac misanthrope in Tennyson's *Maud*; and instead of putting them into the mouth of a madman, as the laureate has wisely done, Mr. Jones, probably with more honesty than prudence, utters them in his own person.

The Life and Works of Goethe ; with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries. By G. H. Lewes. 2 vols. (London, D. Nutt.) Mr. Lewes flatters himself that this book, on which he has been engaged for ten years, is *the* life of the poet. We will not contradict him, for we know no others ; but we aver that this best life is but a sleepy narrative after all. And yet it has a painful interest for a believer in any religion. The godless but genial and generous life of the many-jilting libertine, with his wild youth and stiff old age, and the abominable principles of faith and morals which actuated the world of his day, are certainly subjects for study. And we must own that these characteristics find a faithful mirror in the mind and style of Mr. Lewes ; the archpriest of the pantheistic and atheistic nature-worshippers finds a fitting biographer in his English admirer. The work, as might be expected from the amount of labour bestowed upon it, contains a mass of information about matters of great interest, concerning which in a merely literary point of view we cannot speak otherwise than with high praise.

Miscellanies, Prose and Verse. By W. M. Thackeray. Vol. I. Ballads, The Book of Snobs, The Fatal Boots, Cox's Diary, &c.—In common with all admirers of this great artist, we are glad to see even his trifles collected and republished. But among these papers, "The Book of Snobs" and some of the ballads are amply sufficient to redeem any lack of interest in the rest.

The Louvre, or Biography of a Museum. By Bayle St. John. (London, Chapman and Hall.) This is more than a mere guide-book ; it is a book to which those who are well acquainted with the museum will have pleasure in referring. Its "underplot" is an account of the new arrangements which have, in spite of all kinds of obstacles, been effected by M. Jeanron, appointed Director of the Museum by the republican government of 1848. Mr. St. John adopts in his criticisms the meaningless jargon of modern amateurs. Pick the meaning out of the following description of one of Raphael's pictures if you can, O simple mortal ! It is, we are told, "solid and true in colour, learned in contrast, consistent and sincere in effect, bold in sacrifice, affirmative and broad in light" !

Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales ; from "Household Words" and other Sources. By the Author of "Mary Barton." (London, Chapman and Hall.) A pleasant collection of slight tales, with a good deal of homely pathos, and occasionally with an approach to humour. We have not read all of them, but those we have were quite unobjectionable. The story called "Mr. Harrison's Confessions" is a charming little group of country-town pictures,—a worthy companion to the same writer's "Cranford."

Minnesota and the Far West. By Laurence Oliphant, Esq., late Civil Secretary, and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs in Canada. (Edinburgh, Blackwood.) Mr. Oliphant is well known by his book on the Russian Shores of the Black Sea, which has been lately largely quoted, and was almost our only authority concerning the interior of the Crimea. The present volume, though somewhat dull and pert at its commencement, soon warms into interest, and gives very well-drawn sketches of a settler's life. The book is also well stored with statistical information, and is on this account worthy the attention of any one intending to visit the Far West.

Millicent, or the Trials of Life. By the Author of "The Curate of Overton." 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) The author is rather

devoted to curates. For him, or her (?), parsons are angels in white ties. The other views of life and society which are enforced are equally spoony. But in these volumes there is a creditable attempt at discrimination of character, though the author is not yet advanced far enough in the art to be able to compose a mixed nature; the persons of the drama are all simple specimens of single characteristics, and from the first appearance of any one of them we know him as well as we do at the close of the book. It pretends to be a domestic novel, founded on character, and there is absolutely no development of character in it; whatever development there is belongs to the plot. The novel is weak, weak as water; but there are not many indications of such excessive foolishness as most of our modern novelists exhibit.

Cambridge in the Seventeenth Century. Part I. Nicholas Ferrar. Two Lives; by his brother John, and by Dr. Jebb. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) Ferrar founded at Gidding the first Protestant monastery; hence, in these times, when sanguine people in the Establishment are trying to do the same, his life has considerable interest. Nicholas Ferrar succeeded, after many years, in bringing his institute under the notice of King Charles. He thus received what for him was equivalent to Papal sanction; and then, as if his work was finished, he died, and his institute with him. He died when "the glory of Church and State was at the highest;" and the wave that inundated and flushed the Establishment, of course obliterated the bubble that had arisen on its creamed and mantled waters. The present book is one of those laborious compilations which fussy scholars are fond of making, but which no man reads through. Still, even this fulness has its utility; for a little attention may gather from the book many naïve expressions and hints highly characteristic of Ferrar's age.

Passages selected from the Writings of Thomas Carlyle; with a Biographical Memoir. By Thos. Ballantyne. (London, Chapman and Hall.) We are of the number neither of those who, with Mr. Ballantyne, think Thomas Carlyle one of the deepest thinkers and greatest writers of the day, nor of those who run him down as a mere mountebank, mounted on a tub, and making grimaces at the crowd as it passes by. There is an unquestionable power in his original use of the Socratic irony,—the figure of speech which magnifies a subject by lessening it, gives it dignity by making it homely, and rivets persons' attention to it by speaking of it as if it were of little consequence. But it is a style which is easy to imitate, and which has given rise to about as affected and empty-headed a school of scribblers as has ever attended upon any writer of consideration; though we must do them the justice to confess, that their master furnishes as pretty specimens of twaddle as any of the disciples. Witness the extract in the present volume called "Scotch Puritanism," or that devoted to Pi Nono, or that headed "What Jesuitism has done."

Mr. Carlyle's principles seem to aim at something practical; with him to be is to do; that which acts energetically is the reality, the truth. His popularity follows from this fact, that his teaching embodies the almost universal characteristic of the English race. In England, Carlyle and John Bull mock at every thing except that which they see in activity around them; that which is distant, and does not make itself felt, and especially that which in any way contradicts their pet principles, is vilified as falsehood and sham. But put these same men down in India or Africa, there they are carried away by the weight of popular belief, and soon learn to put faith in charms and spells; sensible men

are caught by the incantations of the Cairo magician with his mirror. In our West-African colonies, the phrase "growing black" is applied to colonists when they become afraid of charms and respectful to fetishes. There are old English Indians, intelligent men, who place firm trust in tales and tenets too puerile for even Hindoos to believe. And doubtless the philosophy of all these persons is pure Carlyleism: such and such an opinion acts, has power, therefore is no sham, therefore is true; hence we find that his style, his expressions, and his mode of thought, have been adopted by Transatlantic transcendentalists and spiritualists, who reckon him the patriarch of their sect.

There is only one active principle in the world of which Mr. Carlyle has an utter abhorrence, and that is Christianity;—we do not mean the spurious religion which he himself professes, but the historical Christianity which Catholics hold, Puseyites approach, and Greeks imitate. Mr. Carlyle's horror of Popery has in it somewhat of the characteristics of possession. He can tolerate any thing but that; Mahometanism he can praise; but Christianity, or any good imitation of it, evidently tortures him. Nevertheless, his writings ought to be known to every one who makes any pretensions to be acquainted with modern literature.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ: an Imaginary Biography, founded on Fact, illustrative of the History, Manners, &c. &c. of the ancient Nations in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) "It will be readily perceived that the ancient world is here surveyed through a Greek medium," says Mr. Wheeler. We perceive nothing of the sort: it is surveyed through a lens composed of a jumble of romantic, Protestant, and classical ideas, of which the incident of making Herodotus and Nehemias shake hands after a theological discussion at Jerusalem is but a type. But still there is a vast amount of information collected in the book, and arranged in a readable and orderly manner; so that those who make no professed study of Greek antiquities will be able to get up a view about them by skimming over Mr. Wheeler's volumes. We cannot compliment the author either on the vividness of his pictures or on the poetry of his diction, which often degenerates into bombast.

History of Piedmont. By Antonio Gallenga. 3 vols. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Signor Gallenga appears to be a Protestant. He writes the history of his country neither as a partisan of Italian nationality, nor, of course, as a Catholic; but as a man devoted to the dynasty of Savoy, and to the "galantuomo" who now sits on the Sardinian throne. Two volumes are dedicated to the description of the country and its history previous to 1559; only the third is devoted to the more stirring events of recent years, and these are treated with party spirit. The narrative is compiled from respectable sources, but is singularly deficient in interest and power.

The Roman Fortune: a Tragedy in Three Acts. By John Cother Thomas. (Swansea, Jones.) Mr. Thomas's tragedy is founded on the history of Hannibal, Fabius, and the other great names connected with one of the most critical periods in the world's history. It is not adapted or intended for the theatre so much as the closet. It is a creditable performance, as the fruit of the leisure of a non-professional author, written in the intervals of business.

Bell's English Poets. (J. W. Parker and Son.) The last-published volume completes *Hudibras*, and furnishes a favourable opportunity for the editor's annotating skill, already known to our readers.

Embassies and Foreign Courts: a History of Diplomacy. By the Roving Englishman. (London, Routledge.) The Roving Englishman must have read a good deal to amass his materials; but his book betrays evidences of great haste and carelessness in putting them together. He writes in a bitter mocking spirit, that makes his book unpleasant to read. For ourselves, we have no hankering regrets for the square-toed formalism and bag-wig etiquette of our ancestors, nor for the minute and wearisome ceremonial of mediæval courts. But men were men in those days as really as now: their actions were dictated by a sense of what was best for people in their state of culture; and the real historian would try to account for their pomps and vanities on the supposition that they were men, not on the assumption that they were monkeys. Even the author of *Vestiges of the Creation* would remove the epoch of the transition from the ape to man into the twilight of an antiquity of millions of years: the Roving Englishman proves too much when he fixes the era within the last century.

The Austrian Concordat. The following is the substance of the Concordat recently concluded between the Holy See and the Austrian Government. It is of such great importance, that we believe our readers will be glad to possess it in a more permanent form than the columns of a newspaper, and we have accordingly transferred it to our pages.

1. The Roman Catholic religion is to be maintained and protected, with all the rights and privileges secured to it by the sacred canons, in all those provinces in which it predominates.

2. The *Placetum Regium* is abolished.

3. The right of the Bishops to communicate with the Papal Chair in spiritual matters, as also with the clergy and people, and to issue instructions and ordinances in spiritual matters, is recognised.

4. The Bishops alone have the right to appoint their vicars and counsellors, to ordain or to refuse to ordain those priests whom they may consider unworthy, to found or to divide livings or rectories, to order public prayers, to convoke synods, to publish pastoral letters and spiritual rescripts, and to prohibit dangerous books.

5. The Bishops are to watch over the religious instruction given to the youth of the country in all public and private schools. All Roman Catholic elementary schools are to be under the direction of a clerical inspector.

6. The Bishops are to appoint the catechists, and no one will be allowed to teach theology or canonical law without their permission.

7. Agreeably to the canons or conditions of the Council of Trent (it sat from 1545 to 1563), clerical matters will be settled by clerical judges; and temporal judges will only meddle in matrimonial matters when they relate to the spiritual (should probably be 'temporal') consequences of that sacrament (marriage).

8. The Bishops have the full right to punish the clergy who may offend against the discipline of the Church, and to condemn to punishment those who may offend against the canons of the Church. The civil courts will only have to take cognisance of civil matters, and of crimes committed by the clergy; but even then the Bishop must previously receive notice of what is about to be done.

9. In the prisons the clergy are to be separated from the laymen. The immunities of the churches shall be maintained as long as they do not interfere with the public security.

10. Disputes with laymen in respect to the right of patronage to be decided by temporal courts.

11. Oral and written defamation of the Catholic religion, of the holy Liturgy, of Bishops and of priests, will not be tolerated. (This translation is from the German; but in the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, the sentence begins, 'The Emperor is bound not to tolerate oral or written defamation,' &c.)

12. The opinions of the Bishops of the province will be taken at the presentation of new Bishops to the Papal Chair.

13. The Bishops alone have rights over the seminaries (theological); and it is for them to appoint the rectors, professors, and teachers.

14. The rectors are to be chosen by concurrence (*konkurs*). The principal dignitaries of the chapter are to be nominated by the Papal Chair, when there is no right of patronage. The others are to be appointed by the Emperor; excepting when there is a right of patronage, or the Bishops receive permission to fill up the vacant places.

15. To the Emperor is given the privilege of appointing to all deaneries and rectories, when there is a right of patronage belonging to religious and school property, on condition that his choice shall fall on one of three persons, who shall be proposed by the Bishops after a previous regular concurrence (*konkurs*).

16. The Papal Chair, with the consent of the Emperor, has full power to establish new sees, and to make new divisions of those already existing.

17. His Majesty undertakes to give a sufficient *kongrua* (if the root of the word is *congruere*, it must here mean Imperial confirmations) to those rectories which are at present without them.

18. The property of the Church will be managed according to the directions of the canonical institutions; and in regard to its possession, those regulations will be followed which are prescribed by the canons.

19. The clergy belonging to the monasteries have a right to free communication with their superiors residing at Rome; and the latter have the full right to visit the convents in the empire, and to issue circulars respecting discipline, &c.

20. The monastic orders have the right to establish novitiates (institutions for the instruction of persons intending to retire from the world), and the Bishops, after having come to an understanding with the Government, to establish new monasteries and cloisters.

21. The property of the Church is declared sacred and inviolable. The Church has also the full right to acquire new property.

22. No suppression of the property of the Church, and no sale of the same, can take place without the intervention of the Papal Chair. The rights of the Bishops are never to be infringed on.

23. The property of the Church is to be managed according to the canonical ordinances. A mixed commission will be appointed for the administration of the vacant benefices.

24. The right to levy tithes to be maintained wherever it exists, and his Majesty pledges himself to give to the Church a good title to claim them, wherever it may be wanting.

25. All other matters which are not mentioned in this Concordat will be arranged according to the doctrines of the Church, and the existing arrangements which may be approved by the Papal Chair.

26. The Concordat is declared to be a state law for ever, and all the laws and agreements which have hitherto been valid in ecclesiastical matters are abolished throughout the empire.

Correspondence.

BIBLE-BURNING.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—May a simple-minded Catholic request through your pages the answer of some straightforward Protestant to a very simple question? My case is this: I am in possession of sundry Bibles, King James's version. Some of these I intend to keep,—one, which contains the genealogy of my family from Noah downwards; and another, which was presented by Lady Jenkyn Jenkyns to my respectable grandmother (her ladyship's waiting-woman), are prized by me with a devotion about as religious as that which a late literary and talented royal duke impartially divided between his Bibles and his tobacco-pipes. But for the rest of my Bibles, what am I to do with them? It is clear that I cannot be a party to their redistribution; I have no right to give to others to read that which I may not read myself. To keep them by me is inconvenient, for they take up room which, in my six-pair back, I can ill spare; and besides, doing so only adjourns the question, does not settle it; sooner or later my beloved heirs and executors will have to make the decision which I shirk. Only one other course is open to me, and that is, to make away with them, to destroy them as Bibles. What shall I do? shall I tear them up, and sell them as waste-paper, to find their way to the grocer or the trunk-maker? I must own, that I have too great a reverence for a paper on which the name of God is written, whether in earnest or in mockery, to allow me lightly to decide on this course. It only remains, then, to me, as it appears, to make away with them in the most respectful way which I can. And certainly this is by burning. The rubrics direct, that any thing which falls into the consecrated chalice which cannot be consumed by the priest should be burned; such is the most reverential way of destroying that which has been in accidental contact with the precious Blood of our Lord. It seems reasonable, then, from mere considerations of respect, that I should treat in the same way such papers as have contracted an accidental claim to our reverence by having holy names printed or written upon them; but which we cannot preserve, either on account of their accumulation, or on account of the opinions which they advocate. Wicked, obscene, or infidel books may make a very free use of the name of God, sufficient to deter one from putting them to the various uses of waste-paper, and yet calling all the more loudly for utter annihilation. Such books I would respectfully burn.

But here I am in a fix. I happen to reside at Pontydwllm; and my poor countrymen, who the other day let loose a mad-bull on an unsuspecting Cockney who was fishing on the Sabbath for red-herrings in our sparkling Dwllm (the poor fellows were quite drunk, according to their immemorial usage on Sunday afternoons; but drunk or sober, they would have done the same on principle), would certainly burn me if they caught me burning Bibles. And I suspect this feeling exists outside the Principality. Mesdames Gamp and Harris are doing their little utmost to stir up the English mob to the same rational course of conduct; and its bigotry is easily fired, since its only religion is Sabbath and Bible worship. It seems, indeed, that this is all that is requisite

to make a good Protestant: Te-Kiki-Kiki, the New Zealand chief who serves before the mast in the *Betsy-Nancy*, "has evidently been thoroughly instructed in Christianity, because he refuses to scrub decks on the Sabbath." We get into a Sunday-train on a northern railway, where we find two half-drunken farmers talking so blasphemously and obscenely, that, to preserve our ears from pollution, we put our head out of window and whistle. We are savagely interrupted by one of the ogres, who threatens to pitch us out of the window—"Dom thee, dost thee not know it's the Sabbath?" Absolutely, then, we are afraid to make away with the Bibles in the mode which we conscientiously consider the most respectful. What, then, are we to do with them?

"Do with them?" indignantly breaks in the Protestant, "why, give them away. There are hungry souls in want of the bread of life. Destroy it at your peril." "My good sir," we answer, "just reflect a moment. Suppose some blasphemer were to make a translation of the Song of Solomon, or of one of St. Paul's Epistles, and were in every possible place to give an indelicate or a ridiculous turn to the expression of the sacred writer, what would you do with any copies of the book that might fall into your hands? The case is precisely the same with your Bible. It has been translated by men who have sought to give a blasphemous and abominable turn to all expressions which appeared to suit their purpose. I see you laugh at me, as totally unworthy of credit; then, if you will not believe me, at least believe one of your own writers, believe at least your own archbishop, believe the reviewer who quotes him in the October Number of the *Blue and Buff* for this year: 'Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his work on *Apostolic Preaching*, p. 186, third edition, note, says of the text, 1 Cor. ix. 27: This is *one of the many* passages which have suffered by the general bias of the age in which our translation was made. That general bias, (proceeds the Edinburgh reviewer) was Calvinistic—the bias, in our opinion, most thoroughly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel.'"

Now I put to the candid Protestant this case: A simple Christian, if he takes up a book and finds it impure, though he may yield to temptation and read it, is in no danger of accepting it as of religious authority: but a simple Christian, if he takes up what is given him as inspired Scripture, and finds that its tendency and bias is to Calvinism, or fatalism, or antinomianism, is in danger of believing this *ism* to be the revealed truth of God. Hence a book that *professes* to be the Bible, and yet is in places falsified so as to insinuate a false doctrine, which is not by any natural and known characteristic distinguishable as such, is a greater lie, a more blasphemous offender against the truth, than even a Bible paraphrased by a devil's chaplain so as to speak the language of Little's poems. Such a lie, such a blasphemy, by the confession of your own archbishop, is your Protestant Bible. You threaten to cut our throats if we, out of reverence for the holy names it contains and the mass of truth which shines in it, respectfully burn it. What *are* we to do with it?

Will any kind Protestant give me a serious and practical answer? I am in earnest, though I write flippantly.—Yours, &c.

RICHARD AP WILLIAM.

Pontydwllm, Nov. 21, 1855.

